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LITERATURE.

Egypt under Ismail Pasha. Being some Chapters of Contemporary History. Edited by Blanchard Jerrold. (S. Tinsley & Co.)

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD'S work will be found an extremely useful summary of the career of Ismail Pasha, who may well be considered the Pecksniff of modern sovereigns, and its careful perusal will serve to effectually dispel the glamour which highly-paid European officials, interested speculators, subservient newspaper correspondents, and last, but assuredly not least, the ex-Khedive's Scotch apologist, Mr. McCoan, have contrived to throw around the creature of their adulation.

Mr. Jerrold's *Egypt under Ismail Pasha*; or, *Some Chapters of Contemporary History*—to which, by-the-way, no kind of index has been appended—opens with a rapid sketch of the Khedive's predecessors in the Viceroyalty of Egypt. Justice is done to the consummate abilities and to the, on the whole, grand character of Mohammed Ali, whose energy and statesmanship laid the foundation of society as it exists in modern Egypt. This great man's successors, however, proved unequal to the work which the founder of their race and dynasty left for them to perfect. The fierce and brutal Ibrahim, who was Regent during the last years of his father's life, died eleven months before his father; and on Mohammed Ali's death, the Viceroyalty passed to Abbas, who, after a short and inglorious reign, was strangled by two favourite Turkish boys, as he lay asleep in the palace of Benha. This characteristically Turkish tragedy, be it noted, was brought about by the Pasha's own sister. To Abbas succeeded Saeed, a man of comparatively enlightened views, but of expensive and inordinately profligate habits. Mr. Jerrold speaks of the nine years' reign of this prince as "closing in mortification and gloom," and of his succumbing to an "internal disease." If we mistake not, the records of the Foreign Office will show that he owed his death to acts which are without a parallel in the history of human depravity, and to which it is impossible to make more than the very barest allusion. The successor to Saeed, according to Mohammedan law, was Ahmet, the son of Ibrahim Pasha; but this prince perished by the precipitation of the special train in which he was travelling from the great bridge at Kefr Zayat into the Nile. By this means Ismail became heir-presumptive, and on the death of Saeed, in 1863, he succeeded to the Viceroyalty of Egypt.

There is no doubt that Ismail Pasha is a

man of singular astuteness. His whole career as Viceroy proves this to be the case. He showed himself capable of an extraordinary amount of hard work; and, while wide interests and vast undertakings were not neglected, he had an eye for the smallest details. He knew how to take the fullest advantage of the rivalries which exist between European nations, but, at the same time, was singularly open to be over-reached by low speculators. The main characteristic, however, of his nature is abundantly proved to be selfishness; and, as Mr. Jerrold remarks,

"a base selfishness is stamped upon every act of the Khedive's reign." "To enrich himself and his family by the unscrupulous use of the powers given to his race, with the consent of Europe, for the benefit of the Egyptian people, and to bring to his purpose all the help he could obtain from European capital, enterprise, and knowledge, is the object Ismail Pasha appears to have set before himself directly he reached the viceregal throne. He seems to have formed a comprehensive plan for the aggrandisement of his own children at the expense of the rest of Mohammed Ali's descendants on the morrow of Saeed's funeral, and to have kept it before him through every event and episode of his reign" (p. 32).

How well Ismail Pasha succeeded in his designs, for a time at least, Mr. Jerrold's pages show. Much space is devoted to the intrigues by which the Viceroy at length succeeded in inducing the Sultan, Abdul Aziz, for an enormous bribe, to set aside Prince Halim, the lawful heir, whom the Khedive had robbed and banished, and to settle the succession upon Tewfik Pasha, his eldest son, an arrangement to which, in the teeth of Mohammedan law and every religious feeling of the Mohammedans, the European Powers have just consented. In the ninth chapter a most instructive account is given of the frightful taxation under which the unhappy Fellaheen of Egypt groan, from whom exactions have been wrung by torture and every kind of oppression, illegality, and chicanery. In addition to the tax levied on every palm tree in the land, *six additional taxes are levied on its produce.* And

"The patient human creature who owns the date palm is treated like his tree. The ingenuity of his Government has been exhausted in devising the means of wringing the utmost out of his industry. The tax-gatherer and he are never quits. His house is taxed, his lease is taxed, his land is taxed over and over again, his cattle are taxed in the meadow and in the market place, his licence as tradesman or workman is taxed, the produce from his taxed land and his taxed tools is taxed, his boat is taxed, even the loan, which in desperation he contracts in order to pay his taxes, is taxed. The tax-gatherer meets him on his marriage morn, and leaves him only when his friends have paid his last tax at his open grave" (pp. 104, 105).

The Khedive extorts a tax of twenty-five piastres for permitting a corpse to lie in the grave! The above, be it noted, are but a few only out of the many imposts to which the Egyptian people are subjected, in order to enable their Turkish lord to erect almost countless palaces (Mr. Jerrold has greatly under-rated their number), to keep up an establishment of some eleven hundred women, to purchase slaves, to keep up an establishment for the mutilation of unhappy boys to act as guards to his harem, and to give banquets

which, in extravagance, rival those of the vilest Emperors of ancient Rome. It is not long since that a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*—the Khedive no doubt knew his man—triumphantly described an entertainment at which he partook of a dish of a peculiar sort of rice, of so costly a kind that a "high dignitary" of the court "appraised the value of each grain" at a gold Napoleon! In chapter thirteen will be found some interesting information about Ismail Sadyk, the great Moufetish, the faithful friend, tool, and minister of the Khedive, by whom, at last, by an act of base and Judas-like treachery, he was betrayed, and directly or indirectly done to death. At p. 208 the circumstance is alluded to of Mustâfa Pasha, the Governor of Cairo, to whose custody the Moufetish was committed by Prince Hassan, becoming in consequence bereft of his reason. The cause, however, is not stated. It was this. When Mustâfa Pasha conducted his prisoner on board the dahabeah, which was lying under the Palace of Gazeereh, coffee was served to both. At the bottom of the Governor's cup a small whitish substance appeared, which, in reality, was a morsel of cotton that had accidentally slipped in. The Governor perceiving it believed it to be poison, and that it was the intention of his master, the Khedive, to put an end both to himself and his prisoner. The shock was such that the wretched man immediately went out of his mind. Going home he threatened to shoot some members of his harem with a revolver, and, recovering his reason in three days, was so altered in appearance that his oldest friends scarcely knew him. These suspicions, unfounded as they were, show the estimation in which the Viceroy was held by his most trusted servants and friends.

Perhaps the newest information, and assuredly not the least interesting, supplied by Mr. Jerrold is that concerning the *Abou Naddarah*, a semi-comic and political print, which, secretly handed about from hand to hand, has had extraordinary popularity, and has exercised extraordinary influence among the Egyptian people. This "Arab Punch," whose author was a professor of Arabic and Italian named Sanua, first appeared in April, 1878. The biting satires it contained upon the abuses of the Khedive's Government secured its suppression after the issue of the tenth number; but, when Sanua was banished from Egypt, its publication was continued, with the addition of cartoons, and the paper itself continues to be smuggled into the country. Mr. Jerrold gives us some fac-similes of the cartoons. In one of these the Khedive, represented as a caged fox, is being exhibited in the French Exhibition. In another, the Viceroy is seen in a cemetery, falling back with affright at the apparition of the ghosts of the Moufetish and others of his victims, who are seen rising from the tombs, denying him forgiveness, and threatening to haunt him for the future. Mr. Jerrold is evidently, and probably justly, a warm partisan of Halim Pasha, the rightful heir, according to settled Turkish law and custom, to the Viceroyalty of Egypt. It is certainly hard to see why the European Powers have fixed on Prince Tewfik to succeed a father whose rule has been the curse of the

people he has so basely and shamefully misgoverned. Prince Tewfik has indeed established a reputation for diligence and honesty of purpose, but those who know him best describe him as a young man of little ability. Some consider him to be a fool. Probably the European Governments expect him to be a tool; but it seems a hard, a violent, measure to set aside the claims of such a Prince as Halim, whose memory is beloved in Egypt, whose character deserves respect, and whose undeserved misfortunes command the pity of all generous minds. *Egypt under Ismail Pasha* is clearly and pleasantly written; the information it contains is valuable and hard to obtain elsewhere; and the work is well calculated to throw light upon the dark places of the Egyptian "House of Bondage."

GREVILLE J. CHESTER.

Is Life worth Living? By William Hurrell Mallock. (Chatto & Windus.)

THIS volume is not a mere reprint of the articles bearing the same title in the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*. The author says (in his dedication to Mr. Ruskin), "there was so much to add, to write, to re-arrange, and to join together, that I have found it necessary to re-write nearly the whole, and thus you will find the present volume virtually new." It is only just to say that, in the process of re-writing, the aggressive flippancy which disfigured the articles has been materially toned down, and, though the writer still sometimes fails to understand the views he is bent on satirising, it is more evident than before that the failure is accomplished in good faith.

The principal subject discussed is not exactly the juvenile theme "Is life worth living?" but rather "Can life, on Positivist principles, rationally be thought worth living?" After stating the question, the writer goes on "to explain in detail how completely unsatisfactory are the answers that are at present given it." But, before following him in this exposition, we are struck by a little want of precision in the terms of the problem itself. The phrase "worth living" is ambiguous, and the whole subsequent argument is impaired by the want of a preliminary explanation as to whether the matter to be discussed is objective or subjective, positive or relative "worth." This is not a merely verbal criticism. The question, "Do I feel as if my life were worth living?" is one, no doubt, of great importance to the youth who asks it, but the answer is of little moment to the rest of the world. We may feel some disinterested sympathy with the querist, and seek to provide him with materials for a satisfactory answer, while we shall think meanly of his moral and intellectual sanity if he remains indifferent to a life amply provided with normal sources of satisfaction. But this, after all, is a detail; the mature judgment of the community, as to the value of human life in general, will hardly be affected by the discontent of individuals with their own lot. It is not life in general, but a particular character which is found to lack worth if the neighbours of the discontented individual agree with him in thinking he might as well have omitted to live. It is not

a little curious that, in all his attempts to discuss the subject exhaustively, the author has never given even formal recognition to this aspect of it. He has never allowed for the obvious influence, in the formation of moral ideals, of the fact that all those who have derived benefit from another's life feel that life at all events to have been worth living.

Not only must the sense of the question be explained, we must also agree upon the judge whose sentence is to be accepted; if each is to be judge in his own cause, we may find individuals keenly sensible of the worth—to themselves—of lives which the common verdict would pronounce to be useless or mischievous. But, on the other hand, it is scarcely conceivable that one whose life was generally acknowledged to be valuable should himself find it a worthless or troublesome possession, since the qualities required for efficient and serviceable action presuppose feelings which must make such action a desired end. Failing any positive standard of worth—which, in its very essence, is a matter of opinion or estimation—we must depend on a *consensus* of opinion, and the judgment of each individual in his own case must be corrected by the estimate of his contemporaries before it can in any way be accepted as a reflection of external facts.

This explanation is certainly required as an introduction to any "Positivist" reply to Mr. Mallock's query. ("Positivist," as he explains, is here only used to denote the large and heterogeneous class of scientific rationalists, which includes alike Professor Huxley and Mr. Frederick Harrison, "Physicus" and the late Professor Clifford, Professor Tyndall and George Eliot.) He asks, "Do the opinions common to these various writers supply any rational ground for the belief they all profess, that human life is worth living?" Now almost the only opinion common to all these writers is the one which he ignores, namely, that the question does not admit of answer on purely individualist grounds. It is quite true, as Mr. Mallock repeats, that the happiness or welfare of a society is made up of the happiness and welfare of its individual members; but the difference between the present generation of "Positivists" and the earlier Utilitarians is precisely this, that the Positivists do and the Utilitarians did not insist on the fact that individual happiness can only be generally secured by something more than individual efforts. It is easy enough to put forward, as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the altruistic gospel, the prospect of a social deadlock, in which everybody will be so anxious to gratify everybody else that no one will have any personal wishes left to gratify: but such a result could only be produced, in Mr. Mallock's words, "if human nature were to suffer a complete change—a change which it has no spontaneous tendency to make, which no known power could ever tend to force on it, and which, in short, there is no ground of any kind for expecting." Most human wants are more than merely arbitrary inventions; they have their source in the physical conditions of life, and while these conditions remain the same, men must either jointly pursue or severally renounce the desired end of social felicity.

Mr. Mallock does not exactly deny the force of this alternative, but he objects, first, that our Positive writers have not committed themselves to a detailed description of life in the millennium, by which he could judge whether such life would be "worth living" or not; and, secondly, that even supposing their goal were worth attaining, since they themselves cannot expect to live till its attainment, they are "of all men most miserable" in sacrificing present ease, gain, or reputation in promoting its attainment by others, without prospect of reward, present or to come, for themselves. He does not venture, in his own person, to deny that such self-sacrifice might bring forth desirable fruits if they could be persuaded to make it; the "hypothetical pessimism" which he professes only consists in believing that the readiness for self-sacrifice will die out with the belief in rewards, which transform the sacrifice into an acute investment.

It is a rather melancholy symptom of the decline of religious feeling in orthodox and semi-orthodox circles, that so many of the younger champions of faith *versus* scepticism should themselves be of conspicuously anti-religious temperament. Mr. Mallock's intellectual sympathies are with Gibbon rather than with the author of the *Imitation*, and he would, to all appearance, consider Paley a religious writer. He defines religion (p. 160) as the belief in God, immortality, and the possibility of miracles, and he neglects (what is rather vital to the controversy) the enlarged meaning that must be given to the word "belief" before it can include all that the religious themselves mean by religion. "The devils also believe and tremble." Assent to any number of theological dogmas is held to be insufficient by itself to constitute a "saving faith;" for this there must be superadded such a disposition of the will and feeling towards obedience and love as should find no sacrifice too great for its acceptance. The last word of religious fervour is always an expression of readiness to give up even eternal life for the Divine glory. It is true that in the ages upon which Mr. Mallock looks back with regret, this height of fervour was but seldom reached. But Positive thought does not condemn the striving after such disinterestedness as irrational or against nature. The power of passionate attachment is of natural growth, and the object to which men attach themselves is naturally external to themselves. The insistence on self-sacrifice as a possible duty may be a stumbling-block to Utilitarians, and to Agnostics foolishness, but it should be left to the enemies of Christianity to misrepresent the spirit and power of its teaching, as a cunning system of "other-worldliness," as if it did not demand from its professors just what Mr. Mallock holds to be impossible—the complete and permanent waiving of personal desires in the presence of a spiritual end. Contemporary Positivism sees nothing unnatural or impossible in the enthusiasm of saints and ascetics, it only looks forward to directing the force of analogous feelings in the present day into channels of more direct practical influence upon the life of men on earth.

Much of the book is unanswerable, but

scarcely in the way intended. If a man proclaims that he would be a ruffian, a dullard, or a debauchee, if he were not half converted to Catholicism, we may hope and believe that he does himself injustice, but we can hardly argue with or contradict him. We do not see the logical necessity, and if he feels it it is a curious and unfortunate psychological peculiarity; but it is hardly necessary to argue at length that this idiosyncrasy cannot be raised into a rule, and that if other people wish (as is happily not uncommon) to cultivate the moral virtues without such half conversion, they may do so without insincerity or inconsistency. His private opinion, *valeat quantum*, may be that they will not wish, but if they do, here also argument and contradiction seem out of place.

There is one other point as to which the author might with advantage have given more heed to a fair criticism of his own. He objects, justly enough, that popular scientific writers ought not to take their conception of a theological system from the chance utterances of a stray curate or the rash speculations of able writers expressing private notions of their own. It is thus "outsiders" are hindered from arriving at a right view of the matter. Not only does the intricacy of Catholicism described blind them to the simplicity of Catholicism experienced, but they confuse with the points of faith, not only the scientific accounts that theologians give of them, but mere rules of discipline and pious opinions also." *Mutatis mutandis*, this is an excellent account of the way in which the author has missed the point of some of the views he was anxious to refute. Positivists (using the word still in Mr. Mallock's sense) are quite as far from accepting Prof. Tyndall as an inspired doctor of their Church, as the Church of Rome is from endorsing the opinion of Bellarmine as to the place of purgatory. Popular lecturing and profound philosophy do not necessarily go together, and the more serious thinkers who are virtually on the same side as Prof. Tyndall are not in haste to find a formula for their belief; it is not in the clauses of a confession of faith that the practical force and power of a conviction is to be found; this lies in the feelings which attend, and no doubt indirectly motive, the belief, and these are liable to be dropped out of sight on both sides amid the excitement of a polemical fencing-match. Attempts at construction offer a larger mark to criticism than the utterances of absolute or hypothetical scepticism; but the mass of men are not critics, and may be trusted to follow whichever leader seems most disinterestedly in earnest. If Prof. Tyndall is more popular than Mr. Mallock, it is not necessarily because of any greater depth or clearer insight, but because there is less doubt or ambiguity about the substance and extent of his own convictions, and any writer who combines greater intellectual consistency and completeness with the same confidence, and as much or more practical zeal and moral earnestness, may count upon a still larger following.

EDITH SIMCOX.

The History of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland chiefly. By Dr. K. R. Hagenbach, late Professor in Ordinary of Theology at Basel. Translated from the fourth revised edition of the German by Evelina Moore. 2 vols., 8vo. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

DR. HAGENBACH has long been known in Switzerland and Germany as a pleasant writer and lecturer on Church History, especially on subjects connected with the Reformation. Thirty-six years ago he began to lecture at Basel on the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland, and he has gradually extended his course until it covers the whole history of the Church. He is, as to his theological status, a moderate Lutheran, and his narrative is not disfigured by any violent partisanship. Perhaps no better book could have been chosen to exhibit in a moderate compass the phases of the Reformation which are generally least known in England. The speciality of it may be said to be that it devotes a relatively large space to the work of Zwingli.

Now there is no one among the leading Reformers on whom so little attention has been bestowed by English writers as Zwingli. Except Mr. Wilson's Bampton Lectures, we can hardly call to mind an English work which shows any considerable acquaintance with his writings; he is generally known here by a very imperfect and distorted account of his sacramental theories. And yet he was unquestionably a man of very remarkable power; he was the Broad Churchman of the time; no one of his day combined to so great an extent humanistic culture with zeal for Christian truth; he was a zealous citizen as well as an ardent opponent of Rome. He seems to have been almost the only one of the Reformers who thought that true spiritual life might be found beyond his own sect, and who was always averse from persecution. Yet, from his untimely death, from the narrowness of the stage on which he played his part, and from a certain want of dignity and purity in his personal character, he fails to produce any great impression. The fact is, the German-Swiss Reformation labours under an incurable littleness. Its history is full of the quarrels of petty towns, of the squabbles of town councils and third-rate theologians, of violence and intrigue on a mean scale. And Dr. Hagenbach's manner of treatment by no means diminishes this impression of littleness, for he treats things rather too evenly; he does not enough disengage the important and essential matters from their insignificant surroundings. Though the book is short for its subject, it sometimes forces on our minds Voltaire's shrewd observation, that a sure way to be tiresome is to say all there is to be said. When we come to French Switzerland, Calvin's imposing personality and the connexion of the district with the less "provincial" culture of France give a much more general and lasting interest to the history. Geneva was for a time a kind of metropolis of the Reformed faith, and that when its adherents were a great power in France. In this part of his task Dr. Hagenbach, whose sympathies are German and Lutheran, does not succeed so well as the French writers on the same subject.

On the whole, he succeeds best in his account of Luther and his work. He is, no doubt, quite right in saying that, criticise Luther as we may, find fault as we will with his unmannerliness, his coarseness, his almost profanity, he was a man of extraordinary force of genius. He represents a certain phase of German character, as Burns represents a certain phase of Scottish character; and the German Reformation was, after all, very much a rebellion of the old Teutonic honesty and directness against the arts and intrigues of degenerate Rome. And Luther moved on a great stage; with him we are brought into contact with kings and emperors, instead of mayors and aldermen; round his burly form gathers a large part of the history of the sixteenth century. With all his superstition—as to which he was not much more enlightened than any other Thuringian peasant—he was large-minded; it must surprise a good many Protestants to find that he by no means desired the total abolition of the Latin Mass, and that he was quite ready to tolerate chasubles, altars, and candles. Besides his translation of the Bible, the German works which he threw off, for the most part in great haste and with little care, form an epoch in the history of literature; he did more than any other man to form the literary language of Germany. For these reasons, Luther, much more than any other Reformer, remains a great figure in history, even when his most characteristic doctrines are discredited, and Lutheranism contains but little of Luther.

With Erasmus, Dr. Hagenbach has less sympathy, and he consequently depicts him with less skill. It is, we are convinced, quite unjust to describe him as a time-server and a mere worldly-wise man. That Erasmus, a feeble and sensitive man, liked a glass of good wine and a snug corner by a rich man's fire, is true enough; but he hung back from Luther, not from weakness, but because he was repelled by his violence, and because he foresaw the consequences of his teaching very much more clearly than Luther did himself. Possibly the latter, when he saw the swarms of fanatics who followed his footsteps, may sometimes have thought in his later days, "after all, Erasmus was right." Dr. Hagenbach says (i. 289) of the question of free-will—"Erasmus answered it from abstract scholastic notions; Luther replied to it from the experience of his heart." It would be nearer the truth to say that Erasmus reasoned and Luther asserted; the latter could never endure to have his premisses disputed.

To the British Islands Dr. Hagenbach gives barely three pages, and those not altogether free from error.

The translation is, on the whole, good and readable; but the translator seems sometimes to forget that it is not enough simply to give an English word for a German word; a close verbal rendering may be misleading or ludicrous. "Disciplinarian" (i. 8) is a very odd rendering of *παιδαγωγός*, certainly not better than the familiar "schoolmaster;" "obscure men" is an obscure rendering of "Dunkelmänner," no explanation being given that the reference is to the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; we do not speak of St. James, the writer of the Epistle, as "honest James," or

of a peace with France, however enduring, as an "everlasting peace." In introducing an extract from Zwingli (i. 247), the translator has left a note standing which implies that Zwingli's own words are given, slightly modernised, though in fact they are not. "A man by the name of Jecker" is a vulgarism. To say that von Hutten was "like a trooper" would express what is intended much better than "horseman-like." We do not speak of a man's character being "clarified," nor of the "improprieties" of the Roman Church. The phrase "to exert an involuntary charm over our *visibles*" is low and ludicrous, and we cannot admit that "sanative institution" is a proper rendering of "Heilsanstalt" when applied to the Church, though it might serve if a water-cure were in question. There seems to be a blunder in rendering "Kunststühle" (ii. 380) "power-loom," if the reference is to the looms of the sixteenth century. The very earliest indication of a power-loom is at the end of the seventeenth, and they were not in general use before the beginning of the present century. Another part of the translator's duty—that of annotating—is difficult to define; as a general rule, his remarks ought to be confined to explaining something which would not be obvious to readers of the translation, though it might be clear to readers of the original. For instance, it would have been well to explain that the "Ambrosian chant" (ii. 296) is the *Te Deum*, and to indicate the nature of the office of a Swiss "amman," which occurs repeatedly; but it is certainly not within the province of the translator to express an opinion (as Miss Moore does) about the "too liberal" views of the Reformers on the Lord's Day, or, when Dr. Hagenbach notices the narrow views of the Reformers on history, to annotate that "the Reformers seem to be right." If an author is to be translated and edited, we ought to have due notice of the fact, and the editor ought to be a competent person.

S. CHEETHAM.

The Miracle Play of Hasan and Husain.

Collected from Oral Traditions by Colonel Sir Lewis Pelly, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., formerly serving in Persia as Secretary of Legation, and Political Resident in the Persian Gulf. Revised, with explanatory notes, by Arthur N. Wollaston, H.M. Indian (Home) Service, Translator of the Anwar-i-Suhaili, &c. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

It is related in old chronicles of Persia that Abbas the Great, reasoning in a more politic than philanthropic spirit, made it a rule of government to encourage just so much of discord and faction among his subjects as would secure the throne against large combinations united by common interests and dangerous sympathy. The hostile feeling thus fostered would especially manifest itself in towns, where it not unfrequently found development in two parties, each wearing a distinctive colour or badge. Only, however, at the feast of Hasan and Husain, or during the sacred month of Muharram, were these rival fraternities permitted to indulge in open combat. "Though they did it," writes one competent authority, "without arms—because they were not suffered to make use of any-

thing else but stones and sticks—it was with so much fury and bloodshed that the king was often obliged to employ his guards to separate them with drawn swords. And hard was it to accomplish it, even with a method so effectual, insomuch that at Ispahan, in 1714, they were under a necessity, before they could separate the combatants, to put above three hundred to the sword on the spot." It is added that those who were killed on such occasions were regarded as martyrs; and the burial of the dead combatants was conducted with the pomp and ceremony due to the more highly-favoured servants of Ali.

If such was the state of things a century and a-half ago, the spectacle of the Muharram in these days, as witnessed in Persia, indicates a decided advance in civilisation. The national feeling resolves itself into universal mourning and lamentation at the yearly representation of the martyrdom of Hasan and Husain; while wrath and enmity, instead of seeking an outlet in blows, are expressed in imprecations on absent or indifferent Sunnis, or on tyrants who have long ceased to exist. At Tehran, the capital, Sir Lewis Pelly was struck with the marvellous effect produced by the so-called *Miracle Play* upon the Shiah mind:—"From the palace to the bazaar there was wailing and beating of breasts, and bursts of impassioned grief from scores of houses where-soever a noble, or the merchants, or others were giving a *tazia*." This word *taziya*, by-the-way, strictly implying "condolence," and here used generally for the commemorative representation, is known throughout India to mean the model of the mausoleum, or *tábut*, of Husain, thrown into the water on the tenth day of Muharram. Not only women, but men shed genuine tears as the several mournful incidents in the lives of the martyred relatives of Ali are brought before them by the professional reciters. In fact, the recognised Shiah of either sex who does not weep or show signs of passionate grief at some time during the solemnities practised must be written down an alien from the true faith. Morier, on his second visit to Persia, noticed a singular custom of the priests attending some of the Muharram assemblies. This was "to go about to each person at the height of his grief, with a piece of cotton in his hand, with which he carefully collects the falling tears, and which he thus squeezes into a bottle, preserving them with the greatest caution." Drops so collected and preserved were supposed to possess a medicinal virtue of miraculous effect.

These unusual performances can hardly be considered as ever illustrating any single or complete work. Not even a drama of Dumas in ten acts, occupying, as it has done, two nights at the Théâtre Historique in Paris, could approach in length to the ten days' drama of *Hasan and Husain*. Sir Henry Taylor's whole dramatic romance of *Philip von Artavelde*, could it be treated as an acting play, would fail to achieve the desired result. Shakspeare's three Parts of *King Henry VI.* would be behind the mark. But there is really no literary composition in our language to which we could reasonably compare the *Miracle Play* of the Shiah in length or character; and the two large, well-printed

volumes before us give speaking instance to this effect. As stated in the Preface—independently of the intolerable length of the thirty-seven (selected out of fifty-two) scenes, unities of time and space are utterly disregarded. It may be added that the strain is almost invariably lachrymose, and the language monotonous and loaded with commonplace imagery. Only here and there is the attention arrested by a passage or an idea—noteworthy as often because it is startling as because it is felicitous. The bathos might perhaps have been softened, and a sense of the ludicrous less palpably gratified in certain places by the translators. 'Izráíl, the angel of death, does not seem quite correctly described as "a venerable person" (Vol. I., p. 26), even though Muhammad be an "infallible grandfather" (p. 63). Nor are the sorrows of Zainab likely to be fully appreciated by ordinary British readers, when she says (p. 77), first of herself:—"My heart is turned into a boiling pot within me"; then of the prophet, who has fallen into a swoon:—"Come, then, O Husain! dishevel thy curling locks; peradventure thy perfume, diffused in the air, will reach his nose, and so he will recover." The camel-driver addresses Zainab, the sister of Husain (p. 239), as "Venus of the station of uncertainty," whatever that may mean; and Husain himself recalls to us the painful position of the recently-deposed Pasha of Egypt when he exclaims in the 23rd scene—that of his martyrdom—"they will neither permit me to go to India, nor the capital of China. I cannot set out for the territory of Abyssinia, or take refuge in Zanzibar." Upon the whole, however, the translation has been a feat in its way, and merits warm acknowledgment. To write down, from the dictation of a Persian theatrical prompter, fifty-two scenes of the Hasan and Husain Tragedy, and then to be engaged "during the course of several years" in putting them into an English dress, involves the exercise of considerable labour and ingenuity, and must have exhausted a mine of patience and perseverance. It is not the fault of Messrs. Edwards and Lucas, or other collaborators, to whom the work was intrusted, that they have had to deal with similes and figures of speech more intelligible to the Asiatic than the European mind. Nor could they exclude from their pages the more *bizarre* but characteristic occurrences on which the Persian votary of Ali loves to dwell—such as the reading of the Koran at one time by the body, at another by the head, of the decapitated Husain.

Mr. Wollaston has revised and annotated the text of these volumes with creditable diligence and good effect. The arguments which he has considerably prefixed to each separate scene are particularly well done. Let us add that the assiduity and ability of this gentleman promise to place him, with time and opportunity, in the highest rank of Oriental scholars. We are under the impression that in the present case he has had no Persian papers before him, but has simply laboured at rendering the translated manuscripts brought home by Colonel Sir Lewis Pelly easy of comprehension to English readers. Dr. Birdwood's name is a guarantee for his Preface. His remarks on the Muharram

in India have a double value as embodying the results of his own personal observation.

In many libraries this book will be welcomed as a choice addition to the shelves already well stored with Muhammadan lore and literature. Those readers who may not at once recall what other than English books have been before written on the same subject in a popular form are reminded of M. Gobineau's *Religions et Philosophies dans l'Asie*, of which a second edition was published in 1866. His last four chapters treat of the Persian theatre, and are instructive, entertaining, and illustrative of the particular tragedy we have just been considering. This gentleman will doubtless be pardoned for making his "Ambassador from Europe"—whose conversion and murder supply the material for Scene xxxi. of the now published *Miracle Play*—a French diplomatist. We have a sort of recollection of having ourselves seen the same personage, somewhere in Eastern parts, represented in the uniform of a British officer.

F. J. GOLDSMID.

The Turks in India. By Henry George Keene. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

THE title of this work is perfectly accurate, but will probably give rise to misapprehension. "The Turks" is a phrase which at all times, and at none more than the present, brings home to the English mind a clear but too restricted an idea. The Turks of this volume are not the Osmanli Turks, the people with whom we are so familiar, but the great Eastern stock of the Turki race, of which the Osmanlis are an offshoot. An inaccurate title, the "Mughal Dynasty of India," would present a much more definite idea to the ordinary Englishman, for the work consists of some "Critical Chapters on the Administration of India by the Chughtai (Chaghatai) Bábar and his Descendants." In fact, it is a history in outline of "the Great Mughals." Englishmen are not responsible for the confusion of terms; we have got it from our fellow-subjects in India. From the days of Changez Khán, Northern India suffered fearfully from the inroads of the barbarous Mongols; that name was a familiar word of terror, but its pronunciation was softened, and the name appears in old Indian writers under several forms of spelling. The name took such hold of the common mind that all members of the great Tartar race were looked upon as Mughals, just as a century ago "Frenchman" and "Foreigner" were to many Englishmen commensurate terms. Babar called himself a Chaghatai Turk; he spoke and wrote in that language, and looked with disdain upon the kindred but less advanced race of Mongols. But, though he established a mighty dynasty, the despised name clung to it, and he and his successors, down to the puppet who has disappeared in our own day, were known as "Mughals."

Mr. Keene published, three or four years ago, a short work on *The Fall of the Mughal Empire*. This book is intended to precede that, and to form with it a complete history of the dynasty. The present volume is an improvement upon the former one. The author writes with a better grasp of the facts and with more decision, but the work is

neither full nor profound; many interesting incidents are left unnoticed, and some of the author's views are at least open to dispute. But the work may perhaps achieve the author's purpose better than a more precise and comprehensive history. His object has been to furnish a popular view of this great Indian dynasty, and he has so far attained success. His style is simple and intelligible, and he writes in a kindly, genial spirit—too genial, indeed, for some of the characters he has to portray. He claims for the Emperor Jahángir, for instance, the "merit of good intentions," as shown by the "Institutes" he enacted; but as Jahángir systematically broke his own rules, all that can be claimed for him in this respect is that he knew what was right, but did what was wrong. This Emperor was a man of considerable ability, and was perhaps kind by nature; but Mr. Keene denounces his cruel deeds, and worthily censures his indolence and neglect of duty. He might have been a good man and an able ruler but for drink. This was the bane of his family; his two brothers died of delirium tremens, and he must have had a marvellous constitution to have survived till the age of fifty-nine. Roe, the English Ambassador, gives a vivid picture of his midnight orgies, when he and all his courtiers were drunk; but he had his remorse, and "some of his nobles who were so imprudent as to allude to an overnight debauch were scourged to death." Jahángir's own account of his potations is something incredible. He says that at one time he "used to drink as much as six quarts of spirits in a day," but by the advice of his physicians, and under the control of Núr Jahán, the clever woman who ruled him, he reduced his allowance, in his forty-seventh year, to one pint of spirit and twelve grains of opium. He describes his liquor as "double distilled;" what it actually was it is hard to say, as it is called by the somewhat elastic term sharáb, commonly meaning wine. The effects of this drinking were such, that he says he could not lift his cup to his mouth, or sit upright till fortified by liquor. The man who in this debilitated state, and at the age of forty-seven, could in a great measure shake off his vice, must have had a strong determined will, and was not "a zany" as Mr. Keene calls him.

Mr. Keene has produced a very readable and acceptable book, but this history requires a man of sterner stuff, one less open to the influence of religious and philanthropic professions. He asks us to accept with charity the religious reflections of Aurangzeb "as symptoms of the inherent disposition of him whose conscience was so sensitive at the age of ninety." Aurangzeb had what he called religion, but it was a cold, merciless bigotry which was the moving influence throughout his long and cruel life. He persuaded himself that he was not as other men are—he was a rigid observer of the letter; and although he deposed and imprisoned his father, murdered his brothers, and never showed mercy, his dying reflections are of a general character; he had no word of remorse for any particular crime—he was one of the miserable sinners, not a sinner in particular.

A preliminary note informs us that Mr. Keene is in India, and that the work has not

had the advantage of his revision while passing through the press. This is much to be regretted, for the book has been produced in the most slovenly manner. Beyond a mere list of chapters there is nothing to help or guide the reader—no Index, no marginal dates, and virtually no head-line. The repetition of "The Turks in India" on the top of each page may satisfy the printer's eye, but is of no help to the reader. There is a coloured map, but no explanation is given of the colouring; if this has any signification it is not discoverable. Faults of spelling are, under the circumstances, inevitable; but there are a few impossibilities which no intelligent "reader" should have allowed to pass.

In addition to the standard Indian works, Mr. Keene has made good use of the travels of Roe and other Europeans. From them he has obtained some of his most interesting passages. He acknowledges warmly "the continuous and invaluable aid derived from the *History of India*, by Elliot and Dowson." This would have precluded any public notice of the work by the present writer but that the arrangements of the ACADEMY enable him to place at the end the name

JOHN DOWSON.

NEW NOVELS.

Mr. Leslie of Underwood. By Mary Patrick. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

All the World's a Stage. By Mary A. M. Hoppus. (Sampson Low & Co.)

The Master of Redleaf. By Elizabeth A. Merriwether. (S. Tinsley & Co.)

Wolfen Chase. (Remington.)

The Unjust Steward. By H. Brown, LL.D. (Chapman & Hall.)

Egyptian Bonds. By E. K. Bates. (Bentley & Son.)

THE chief quality of *Mr. Leslie of Underwood* is utter inoffensiveness. It is a positively bad novel only because it is positively not a good one. Everything in it is very carefully done and very well meant, and there is nothing in it but is simply and unaffectedly harmless. Its pages abound, as a matter of course, with "stately rural homes"; with "human eyes hungering for love"; with "low-toned little laughs redolent of innocent mirthfulness"; with "gasping sobs"; with "sweet-tempered docile little mortals" and dreadful creatures through whose veins "the fiery southern blood" is understood to run "in all its fervid intensity"; and with many another of the sentimental novelist's commodities. But none of these things are somehow to be mistaken for other than mere figures of speech, and your interest in them is never lively enough to make you impatient that they are no more. The book rejoices, it may be noted, in a couple of heroines. One of them—a shy and simple and trustful and loveable nobody, with a habit of what may be called spiritual nestling—dies for the hero (who is Anglo-Saxon in type, and strictly virtuous in character), and the other—who is a peer's daughter, and a very noble person all round—is saved to be united with him in lawful wedlock. Miss Patrick apologises very prettily for the moral imperfections of all

three, and very unnecessarily: all three having so little real existence that it is not possible either to be allured by their supposed virtues, or repelled by their imputed virtues.

The interest in *All the World's a Stage* is partly archaeological, partly theatrical, and partly one of character and development. Its hero is a young gentleman of means, who turns actor, and tries his best to revive the legitimate drama, first of all at Dockhampton and afterwards in London, in both of which cities he has a theatre, and in both of which cities he fails. He is a poor historian enough, but he is an honest, well-meaning, human sort of creature, and his death of heart disease and the perjury and villany of a friend strikes you not only as unnecessary but almost as unwelcome. The date of the story is in King Hudson's days; and as the perjured and villainous friend aforesaid is astute enough to attach himself, at an early period, to the railway interest, and surreptitiously to appropriate a good deal of the actor's property, he is able to maintain himself in a good position till the end, and to smile at the theory of what is called poetical justice with the confidence of one who knows his Balzac thoroughly. The book, which is too evidently a first book, is overcrowded with characters, and runs in the matter of dialogue overmuch to wordiness and futility. But it is cleverly and earnestly wrought; there is some humour in it; it is here and there a proof that its authoress has the true psychological instinct and the right hand for portraiture; and a great deal of it may be read with very much like interest and amusement, the glimpses it affords of life behind the scenes being, in especial, vivid and pleasant in no mean degree.

"For me," cries the heroine of *The Master of Red Leaf*, in a moment of by no means unaccustomed fervour, "for me the sun has lost his light, the heavens their beauty. I feel myself the centre of a vast and illimitable desolation. Though living in a populous city, I am severed from my kind; though living in the midst of crimes, I am as solitary as if alone on some barren rock in the ocean, with only the wild"—*et cetera*. "Crime," she continues with engaging frankness, "has cut me off from all kinship with humanity." And then, feeling perhaps that life, as the heroine of Miss Merriwether's book, is really a too-too bitter business, "Oh," she ejaculates, "oh, that the germ of my mistaken being had found a lodgment on earth in that primeval time when only gigantic beasts," *et cetera*, and "strange unwieldy creatures," *et cetera*, and "from the slime of the half-slaked seas huge serpents lifted their slothful heads, and with calm, unwinking eyes gazed on a world not yet darkened with human woe, not yet discoloured with human blood, not yet stained with human guilt"—not yet fruitful of novels like *The Master of Red Leaf*. She who cries out in these moving and natural terms is a plain Yankee governess crossed in love, and with a lively intelligence of the Dagger and the Bowl. She is sent South to awake the abstract Nigger to a sense of the blessings of freedom. She conceives a hopeless passion for Lynn Devaseur, the noblest of men; she hears him read "The Triumph of Time" to his betrothed; she sees him walk beside herself, "his kingly

head uncovered, his fair hair blown back by the enamoured breeze;" and after war has broken out, for six hundred pages there is scarce any sort of crime she does not commit, there is not any sort of nonsense but she talks it. She is amusing at first, but in the end she wearies, though her sketches of negro life and character are far from unintelligent, and though her picture of Butler at New Orleans is fresh and unhackneyed enough to be almost interesting.

The anonymity of *Wolfen Chase: a Chronicle of the Days that are No More*, is far from surprising. The author describes himself on his title page as "One—who not unknown to fame, Yet dares to write without a name;" and you feel as you read that his valour is not unwisely tempered with discretion, for *Wolfen Chase*, considered as a novel, is singularly unimpressive. But for all that, there is pre-Victorian flavour about it that makes its perusal anything but disagreeable. The present is so picked and choice, so reticent and so nice, so bent on culture and so seriously passion-haunted, that a voice from a past that was the reverse of all these has the charm of novelty and the interest of unfamiliarity. The author of *Wolfen Chase*, writing in all innocence and with the air of one perfectly *au fait* with fashionable slang, chats gaily to you of "learned pundits," "nectar and ambrosia," "statuesque loveliness," "the demon of temptation," and such-like verbal antiques; he perpetrates puns with the smile and manner of one doing a laudable action; he confesses to a love of practical jokes, and weaves them into his story gallantly; he is fond of eating and drinking and the chimes at midnight; he echoes such modern authors as Lord Byron or the late Sir Walter Scott with a candid aptness, an ingenious appropriateness, that are really charming; he turns an elaborate parody of George Robins as sprightly as though that elegant writer were as popular an author as Mr. Carlyle; and for him the Regent lolling "on a magnificent sofa, in his usual attitude," is yet not only an interesting and imposing object, but recognisable as well. It feels a little strange, nowadays, to have the end of a love scene sketched for you in this wise:—"There is a light, graceful form fallen, in abandoned grief, on a couch; there is a crash of hoofs on the courtyard outside, and the flash of a horseman past"—and so on, and so on, and so on. But it is by no means unamusing; and I confess to having read *Wolfen Chase* with a great deal of honest pleasure.

Of *The Unjust Steward*, regarded as an exercise in the popular art of sinking, it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. It is thin, pompous, earnest, elaborate, elegant, pretentious, empty—everything a book should be to be admirably unreadable. Dialogue and narrative, it is all one; and what examples the one will example the other. *Ecce signum*: "Endowed with a handsome competence, though by no means what the world would call rich, the object thus coveted, if at all attainable, was within the pecuniary capacity of Mr. Mansel;"—that, if it is narrative in a certain sense, is also dialogue in a certain sense, and is withal a fair specimen of the

author's manner. If there be any who imagine that such terms as these may possibly add a lustre and a charm unknown to the story of the machinations of villany, they are encouraged to provide themselves with *An Unjust Steward* forthwith.

The hero of *Egyptian Bonds* is a kind of miraculous Irishman; the heroine is the daughter of a simple Saxon squire; and they—and others—make a journey up the Nile. Not much comes of the event, save tears and disappointment, and a superficial acquaintance with Egyptian antiquities, and the pleasant, if somewhat misleading, title of their story. That story is light and thin in texture, and somewhat scrambling in habit; but it is kindly and unpretentious, and will be found not disagreeable on the whole. The style in which it is written is not precisely a thoughtful style. Perhaps the peculiar charm of the remark made by a lady in the course of the book, to the effect that she finds a certain gentleman's "waistcoats . . . just a little *voyante*," is due to the sturdy independence of a British printer. It does not greatly matter whether it is or is not. If an author, with Karnak and Philae and the Second Cataract on his mind, have not an excuse for freedom and ease in such paltry matters as grammar, his critics are really very much to be pitied.

W. E. HENLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Aborigines of Victoria: with Notes relating to the Habits of the Natives of other Parts of Australia and Tasmania. Compiled from various sources for the Government of Victoria by R. Brough Smyth. Two Vols. (Melbourne: J. Ferres.) These two substantial volumes contain much matter of interest respecting the native races of Australia, for in the first Mr. Brough-Smyth discusses their physical and mental character, their numbers and distribution, as well as their manners and customs. Under the last heading he describes, among other matters, their practices in regard to marriage, education of children, death and burial, their daily life, food, diseases, dress and personal ornaments, weapons, implements, and manufactures, adding also some particulars respecting their methods of producing fire, their myths, &c. In the second volume no less than 220 pages are devoted to the subject of language, which is treated with great care and minuteness. The appendices include papers on the traditions of the aborigines and other matters by different hands. The concluding part of the work deals with the aborigines of Tasmania. The volumes contain upwards of 200 illustrations and a map of Australia.

The third and last volume of Bishop Ellicott's *New Testament Commentary for English Readers* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) is hardly of equal value with the former. The writers, though some of them able men in their own lines, are not for the most part of equal rank with their predecessors as Biblical scholars; and we get far too much of the schoolboy scholarship which consists in refusing to render aorists by perfects, or in preferring clumsy periphrases to the neglect of niceties of construction. Besides, there is in several of the writers a tendency to platitudes in the application of their texts. The line need not be too sharply drawn between a devotional and an exegetical commentary, but a book like this is one that men will turn to for information rather than edification, and there is no use in offering them what they are not in the mood to seek. The best portions of the work are Canon Mason's (the

Epistles to the Thessalonians and the First of St. Peter) and Mr. A. Plummer's (the Second of St. Peter and St. Jude); the latter is particularly free from the faults noted as characteristic of the volume. Mr. Boyd Carpenter, on the Apocalypse, is sensible enough in his opinions, but his attempts to correct the Authorised Version are even less happy than usual.

Northward Ho! By Captain Albert H. Markham, R.N. (Macmillan.) Captain Albert Markham is well known as a devotee of Polar exploration, and his charming narrative, *The Great Frozen Sea*, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. A few months ago he lighted on the journal of Thomas Floyd, who served as a midshipman in Captain Phipps's Arctic expedition in 1773. This expedition is interesting on two grounds, and on two only. First, as being the connecting link between the old and new voyages of Arctic discovery. The last of what we may call the old expeditions was that of Captain Wood, sent out by Charles II. in 1676, and which was a complete failure. The first of the new was that of Captain Buchan, with the *Dorothea* and the *Trent*, in 1818. There was thus a period of 142 years, broken only by the voyage of Captain Phipps, in which Arctic discovery conducted by the Admiralty was in abeyance. The other point of interest in Captain Phipps's expedition is that Nelson took part in it. Captain Phipps returned in the autumn of the year in which he sailed; he went no farther than the Dutch whalers were constantly in the habit of going, and he discovered nothing. On his return he published an official account of his voyage, but Mr. Floyd's is the only private narrative that is preserved. Captain Markham found it in a very dilapidated condition, several of its leaves missing, others torn, and many parts nearly illegible. He has now rescued it from oblivion, and edited it with great care. It takes up about half of the present volume; the remainder consists of a sketch of Polar expeditions prior to the eighteenth century, taken from the pages of Hakluyt and Purchas, and notices of the voyages of Buchan, Franklin, Parry, and Nares. Captain Markham justly observes that credit is due to young Floyd for keeping up his journal in all the discomforts of a midshipman's berth, where no less than eleven persons were crammed into a space of eight feet by six! Whatever credit Mr. Floyd deserves for his perseverance, he is entitled to none on the score of modesty. He disposes of all the books published up to his time on attempts to reach the North Pole as *trash*; and the Dutch are the objects of his derision, for laying down Spitzbergen in their charts as an island! It was, perhaps, more general than personal ignorance which induced him to predict the failure of the great De Bougainville in a like expedition, undertaken at the same time as that of Captain Phipps, because it was his intention to hug the shore, instead of keeping as far from land as convenience would admit. In striking contrast with this is the result of experience as stated by Captain Markham in his preface, that to insure success either in attaining a high latitude, or in exploring in other directions in the unknown region, a *coast line is essentially necessary*. We would not, however, be too hard on a youngster of nineteen, and we are far from disagreeing with the editor that this journal fully deserved publication, though we shall be much surprised if his chief object in publishing it was not to keep alive the subject of Polar exploration. His own enthusiasm in its cause is shown by the fact, which will interest those of our readers who are not already aware of it, that he is now cruising, with a view to a future voyage of Polar discovery, in Barentz Sea in the little Tromsø vessel of fifty tons, the *Isbjörn*, the same in which Payer sailed in 1871 and Count Wilczek in 1872.

UNDER the editorship of Mr. C. Trice Martin, of Her Majesty's Public Record Office, the ninth edition of Wright's *Court Hand Restored* has been issued by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, of Chancery-lane. Among the noteworthy additions are seven plates, executed by photolithography, exhibiting a judicious selection, from various classes of public records, of specimens of early handwritings, ranging from A.D. 812 to A.D. 1611. The glossary of Latin words used in records has been considerably augmented, as also the list of Latin names of places in Great Britain and Ireland. The Latin equivalents of the bishoprics of Scotland and Ireland are now added to those of the English sees which appeared in the earlier editions, and some Latin forms of Christian names have been placed as a supplement to the revised list of surnames. This new edition will be a great boon to record students, whose numbers are daily increasing through the facilities now afforded for searching the public archives. It would have been well if the editor had been able to devote more space to the explanation of the contractions used in early documents; a table of abbreviations, similar to the one compiled and printed by Sir Thomas Hardy, the late Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records, in the fourth volume of *Registrum Palatinum Dunelmense*, might have been appropriately included in a work of this character, whereas, among the series of "Chronicles and Memorials," this valuable compilation is quite lost sight of.

In the *Child's Geography* (Marcus Ward and Co.), Mr. M. J. Barrington Ward has endeavoured to supply, "in some little measure, the acknowledged want of a rudimentary geography which shall teach the first facts and principles simply, and yet thoroughly." The little book is styled "Part I., First Lessons in Geography," and we may therefore infer that Mr. Ward does not consider anything more elementary necessary. While quite willing to admit its probable usefulness for children, we must confess to a doubt as to whether the earlier pages are sufficiently simple. We should imagine, indeed, that an inspector of schools is hardly so well able to gauge the requirements of a very young child as a nursery-governess would be. "Reliance has been placed," we are told, "upon ample pictorial illustration." The air of comicality which pervades a good many of the cuts certainly should help to fix some of the facts on a child's memory, but the associations will probably be queer in after-life. With the exception of those of the hemispheres, the maps are hardly worthy of the name.

NOTES AND NEWS.

It is hoped that M. E. Renan may give some of the Hibbert Lectures next year, if his health allows him to travel.

THE Council of the Camden Society have accepted the offer of Mr. G. F. Warner to edit a selection from the papers of Sir E. Nicholas which have recently been acquired for the British Museum. Among documents of interest in this collection are despatches from Montreuil, written during the King's sojourn at New-castle in 1646, letters from Royalists at the court of the exiled princes, and the original order for the impeachment of the five members, from which it appears that Lord Kimbolton was at first excluded, in the expectation that he would turn king's evidence.

WE understand that the delegates of the Clarendon Press have already begun printing three more volumes of *The Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Prof. Max Müller. These are *The Vendidad*, translated by James Darmesteter; *The Bundahis*, translated by Dr. E. W. West; and *The Bhagavad-gita*, translated by Dr. K. T.

Telang. They will appear in the course of next year.

Wanderings in Western Lands is the title of a new illustrated book of sport and travel by Mr. A. P. Vivian, M.P. It will shortly be published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

MR. E. B. TYLOR, F.R.S., has now placed in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan and Co. the first portion of a work called *Man and Civilisation*, on which he has been long engaged. It is designed to serve as a text-book of anthropology, and will be printed uniform with Prof. Huxley's *Physiography*. Prof. Ray Lankester has undertaken to contribute chapters on the anatomical portion of the subject. It is hoped that the book may be ready by the end of the year.

MR. GEORGE W. MARSHALL, LL.D., is passing through the press an index to the printed pedigrees contained in all the family and county histories, the publications of the archaeological and other societies, and in the various heraldic and genealogical periodicals which have been published in this country. The volume is the result of the labour of several years, and will contain, it is estimated, references to more than fifty thousand printed pedigrees. It is not intended to print more than 200 copies, and the price to subscribers will be 18s.

KARL BLIND has in the Leipzig *Gartenlaube* an essay on "A People's Champion in Chartist Times," containing a biography of Mr. George Julian Harney, who, with Fergus O'Connor and Ernest Jones, once stood at the head of the popular movement in England.

WE learn that Mr. Stopford Brooke has undertaken to edit and write a preface for a volume of *Selections from Shelley* to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. in their "Golden Treasury Series."

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS will publish immediately in one volume a new copyright story of Californian life, by Bret Harte, entitled *The Twins of Table Mountain*.

M. ALBERT RÉVILLE is writing a series of articles on Professor Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures in the *Revue Libérale*. He finishes his first article with the following sentence:—"Contrairement à l'opinion admise dans l'école évolutionniste, il ne croit pas que le fétichisme soit la forme primitive de la religion, et il me paraît avoir victorieusement plaidé sa thèse. Mais ce sera pour la prochaine fois."

THE following new volumes are in preparation for Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s "Classical Series":—the *Phormio* of Terence, edited by Messrs. John Bond and A. S. Walpole (this will be published in September); the *Captivi* of Plautus, edited by R. Y. Tyrrell, M.A., Professor of Latin in Trinity College, Dublin; Virgil's *Aeneid*, II. and III. (the Narrative of Aeneas), edited by E. W. Howson, B.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

A NEW work by Mr. George Baden-Powell, to appear in a few days under the title *Protection and Bad Times*, is to treat comprehensively of the political economy of commercial depressions. The subject is one that has at present a painfully prominent claim on public notice, and this new work professes to deal with the whole of a subject an important portion of which has secured the rarely unanimous attention of the House of Commons, and has become the charge of the latest Royal Commission.

G. DE VASCONCELLOS ABREU has just published the first instalment of a Sanskrit grammar in Portuguese, *Principios Elementares da Grammatica da Lingua Sânskrita*; parte I., Phonologia. We learn from the title page that the author is

a pupil of Haug and Bergaigne, and has been appointed to lecture on Sanskrit in the University of Lisbon. He has published several essays, chiefly on Vedic literature, and he is preparing a translation of Prof. Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures into Portuguese.

A CHAIR of geography has just been founded in the University of Copenhagen. The first professor is M. E. Loeffler.

AN Italian work on Cyprus has just appeared from the pen of Signor Lauria, Senator of the Kingdom. Count Luigi Pennazzi, who was one of the leaders of the insurgents in Epirus last year, has published a book on modern Greece.

THE French papers state that Count Charles Walewski, son of the Minister of Napoleon III., is engaged on the publication of his father's memoirs.

MESSRS. TRUBNER, of Strassburg, are publishing, for the Society for the Preservation of the Historical Monuments of Alsace, a reproduction, so far as existing materials allow, of the *Hortus deliciarum* of the Abbess Herrad von Landsberg, destroyed during the bombardment of Strassburg on the night of August 24-25, 1870. The *Hortus*, dedicated by Herrad to the nuns of Hohenburg, was an extensive compilation, composed of quotations from the Scriptures, from the Fathers, from sacred and profane historians, &c. The MS. was ornamented with miniatures, forming a most valuable picture-gallery of the twelfth century.

MESSRS. MACLACHLAN AND STEWART will shortly publish *Practical Lessons in Gaelic for English-speaking Students*, by Mr. D. Macpherson, of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. This will supply a want long felt, as the grammars of Stewart and Munro are more adapted for Gaelic-speaking students. The same publishers have in the press a reprint of the famous Gaelic Dictionary by Drs. Macleod and Dewar.

My Lady Green-Sleeves, a three-volume novel, by Miss Helen Mathers, author of *Comin' thro' the Rye*, *Cherry Ripe*, &c., will very shortly be published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

MR. W. LAIRD CLOWES, translator of *A Distinguished Man*, is engaged upon an original novel, which will probably be published in the autumn.

THE second volume of the *Proceedings* of the St. Petersburg Session of the International Congress of Orientalists has just been issued. Members' copies are in the hands of Professor Douglas, of the British Museum. The first volume has not yet appeared.

MM. STANISLAS GUYARD AND CHARLES GRAUX are the new accessions to the editorial staff of the *Revue Critique*, from which M. Michel Bréal has recently retired.

THE next examination for certificates will be held in the Lecture-room of the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework on the 19th inst., commencing at 11 a.m. Two courses—viz., "Cutting-cut" and "Darning and Patching"—will form the subjects of examination.

THE *Birthday Book of Quotations and Autograph Album*, consisting of extracts in English, French, and German, chiefly from standard authors, will in future be published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN have just published a new edition of the well-known *English Struwwelpeter*; or, *Pretty Stories and Funny Pictures for Little Children*. This is taken from the 110th edition of Heinrich Hoffmann's German work, the popularity of which seems to be increasing in this country.

PANDIT MAHADEVA MORESHVAR KUNTE, the learned editor of the *Studies in Indian Philosophy*, is going to publish his essay on *The Vicissitudes of Aryan Civilisation in India*, which received part of the prize offered by the International Congress of Orientalists held at Florence in 1878. Dr. Zimmer's essay on the same subject, which likewise received a portion of that prize, has just been published, under the title of *Altindisches Leben, die Cultur der Vedischen Arier, nach den Samhitās dargestellt*. Some other essays, too, which participated in that competition are said to be preparing for publication.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE have just brought out the first volume of the *Vinaya-pitaka*, the ethical portion of the Buddhist canon, under the editorship of Dr. Oldenberg. It contains the Mahāvagga, which is generally reckoned as the third part of the whole Pitaka. It consists of about 400 pages, 8vo, of Pali text, transliterated in Roman letters. The work is published by subscription, and we trust that the enterprising publishers may not be disappointed in the support which they look forward to both in Europe and India. The Secretary of State for India has bestowed his patronage on the undertaking. An English translation of the text, by Dr. Oldenberg and Mr. Rhys Davids, will appear in *The Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Professor Max Müller.

THE same scholar, Dr. Oldenberg, invites subscriptions for an edition of the text of *The Dipavamsa*, with an English translation. *The Dipavamsa* is the most ancient historical work of the Ceylonese, and anterior to the Mahāvamsa. The whole will form a volume of 200 pages, and the price to subscribers is to be 15s. Messrs. Williams and Norgate will receive subscriptions.

IN the *Rivista Europea* of June 16, Signor Silvagni prints an interesting diary of the Conclaves of 1829, and 1830-31, which ended in the elections of Pius VIII. and Gregory XVI. The diarist is Pietro Dardano, conclavist to Cardinal Morozzo. He is no politician, but one of those men of precise and enquiring minds who seem to have been created for the purpose of collecting literary fragments and writing diaries. Dr. Salvioni also begins a valuable paper on "Education in Italy in the Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Centuries." The subject is one which is obscure in every European country, and merits more investigation than it has yet received.

THE Congress of German Philologists and Schoolmasters is to take place this year at Trèves, from September 23 to 27.

THE fifteenth sheet of the Report of the General Staff on the War of 1870-71 has been issued. It covers the period in which the first and second corps marched upon Paris, and carries the narrative down to the close of 1870.

A REVIEW is to be published in Vienna in connexion with the Institute for Austrian History, which is to be for Austria what the *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes* is for France. It will occupy itself with historical studies and researches (excluding archaeology), and with subjects bearing on history. The editor will be Dr. Carl Foltz, who will be assisted by Profs. Sickel, Thausing, and Leissberg. It will appear quarterly.

WE are glad to learn, from the annual report of the Society of Arts, that the Society continues to flourish, despite the depressed state of trade and manufacture. 282 new members were elected in 1878-9, as compared with 256 in the previous session, while the losses by death and resignation were 307, as against 350. Among those nominated for election as vice-presidents are the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Leopold, Earl Spencer, the Duke of Sutherland, Dr.

Siemens, and Messrs. Stansfield, Brassey, and Bramwell; and the proposed new members of Council are Lieut.-Col. Donnelly, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Admiral Ryder, and Major-General Cotton. The Society may certainly be congratulated on its work during the past session.

A "CELTIC SOCIETY" has been founded in Paris, to serve as a rallying-point for the writers and artists of Brittany and the friends of Celtic studies. The first monthly dinner took place on June 18, M. Ernest Renan in the chair.

A SOCIETY has been formed at Aix-la-Chapelle for the special study of the history of that town and of the Duchy of Juliers. Among the members are Messrs. A. de Reumont and Savelsberg.

WE have received new editions of Bigelow's *Life of Benjamin Franklin* (Lippincott); Mathews' *Oratory and Orators* (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.); *Under the Grand Old Hills*, by Rosa Mackenzie Kettle (Ward, Lock, and Co.); *Cruel London*, by Joseph Hutton (F. Warne and Co.); *Christ the Consoler*, by Ellice Hopkins (Longmans); and translations of *The Papacy considered in Relation to International Law*, by Ernest Nys (Sweet), and of *Couture's Conversations on Art Methods* (New York: Putnam's Sons).

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

WE have received Mr. James T. Gardner's *Report of New York State Survey for the Year 1878*, from which we learn that the triangulation is making satisfactory progress. The errors of the older maps are now for the first time being revealed, and it is found that important towns like Albany, Auburn, and Oswego have hitherto been placed several miles out of their true positions. In the centre portion of the State, Mr. Gardner and his assistants found themselves doing the work of explorers and discoverers. "When one is told that within twelve and sixteen miles of Utica and Syracuse, mountains rise to nearly 2,000 feet above sea, the information is received with surprise and almost incredulity, so contrary is it to previous conceptions." To judge from this Report, the citizens of New York State are sadly deficient in geographical knowledge, even as regards the immediate vicinity of their towns. The maps hitherto available, though warranted to be "new and revised to date," abound in gross errors, and it is therefore satisfactory to find that purchasers, on discovering palpable mistakes, may claim to have their money returned. This, at all events, is the decision of several American judges. A similar ruling, we fancy, would seriously embarrass a good many of our own hawkers of county maps.

THE "Drainage Map, showing a Portion of Wyoming, Idaho, and Utah," furnishes satisfactory evidence of the progress made by the survey parties working under the leadership of Professor F. V. Hayden. The scale of the map is eight miles to the inch.

THE second volume of M. Ch. de Ujfalvy's *Expédition scientifique française en Russie, en Sibirie, et dans le Turkestan* (Leroux), deals with the Syr Darya, the Zerafshan, the district of Semirechensk, and Western Siberia. The author has eschewed political discussions, devoting himself more especially to the anthropology of the countries he visited, and to questions of archaeology. In an appendix he discusses the geographical nomenclature of *The Memoirs of Baber*, and supplies notes on a new ethnographical map of Central Asia, substituted for the one published in his first volume.

ON account of the conclusion of their session and other causes, the Council of the Royal

Geographical Society have, we believe, been unable to comply with Major Serpa Pinto's request to call a meeting of the society to hear his account of his journey across Africa. For some reasons this is to be regretted, but it is only fair to add that Major Pinto was informed of the date at which the session would terminate before he left Lisbon.

THE Universities Mission in Eastern Africa have recently established a new station at Newala, on the River Rovuma, forty miles nearer Lake Nyassa than their original settlement at Masari.

News has reached Lisbon that MM. Capello and Ivens, who, it will be remembered, separated from Major Serpa Pinto at Bihé, were, early in April, in the neighbourhood of the River Lucala, continuing their examination of the country traversed by the River Cubango. They had already explored that river from its source as far as 8° S. lat.

DR. EMIL HOLUB has lately returned to Grahamstown from an expedition to the River Zambesi and the country to the north. He has noted some curious superstitions among the Marutse tribe, and reports the people visited as friendly and peaceable.

MR. HENRY S. FORBES, who, as stated in the ACADEMY of November 2, has been engaged in scientific investigations in Celebes and the neighbouring islands, has, we hear, recently availed himself of an opportunity of visiting the curious atolls, known as the Cocos or Keeling Islands, in order to ascertain whether they have undergone any change since Mr. Darwin's visit. These lonely and rarely visited islands are situated in about 12° 5' S. lat., 96° 53' E. long., and are at times swept by terrific hurricanes.

MR. H. C. SCHUNKE, of Cape Town, has in preparation a physical and political *Atlas of South Africa*, which will contain maps illustrative of the distribution of plants and animals, the pastoral and agricultural industries, and the geology of South Africa.

MAJOR TANNER, of the Indian Survey Department, who is well known as a determined and skilful officer, has just undertaken a somewhat perilous expedition, which, if successful, will make us acquainted with the geography and ethnography of an almost unknown region. He has lately left Jellalabad with the view of exploring Kafiristan, a region in the north-east of Afghanistan, and stretching chiefly along the southern slopes of the Hindu Kush.

DR. J. SHAW has lately published at Cape Town (Darter Bros. and Walton) a useful little *Geography of South Africa, Physical and Political*. Some parts of the work might, perhaps, be revised and re-modelled with advantage, but still there is quite enough sound matter in it to make it valuable at a time when all eyes are directed to South Africa. The list of Dutch and other words in use there in the geographical nomenclature will be useful to those who are puzzled at the glib way in which special correspondents write about drifts, kloofs, vleys, &c.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE current number of the *British Quarterly*, besides Mr. Gladstone's article on "The Evangelical Movement," to which sufficient attention has been drawn elsewhere, contains an interesting paper by Prof. J. E. T. Rogers, entitled, "Reforms in the University of Oxford." Prof. Rogers' recent contributions to periodical literature have been characterised by an historical treatment of the subject in hand. On this occasion, he runs rapidly through the history of Oxford, lamenting the loss of its early independence alike of Church and State, and

tracing the general tendencies of modern reforms rather than inculcating any novel views of his own. His position at Oxford—in the University, but not of it—gives an assumption of impartiality to his criticism, while his genial style of narration adds the charm of freshness to all he writes. As compared with the fierce onslaughts of Sir William Hamilton early in the present century, the most radical schemes of academical reform now seem tame and unattractive. Greater cheapness of living, more encouragement of real learning, examiners independent of the teaching staff—such are the moderate proposals which Prof. Rogers advocates. At the same time he darkly hints, as the final result of his own personal conviction, that Oxford will never regain her place in the history of English thought and literature until freed from the depressing weight of her collegiate endowments.

Macmillan's Magazine is made interesting this month by the presence of Mr. Matthew Arnold's paper on Wordsworth: an essay in which there is presented in the usual agreeable and lucid form—a form only wanting in terseness—a view of Wordsworth which we think eminently sound. Enquiring why it is that, in the popular mind of to-day, Wordsworth does not take rank with the most influential of our poets, Mr. Arnold concludes that this is in great measure because so much of his work is not without the marks of dulness and commonplace. He needs to be relieved, thinks his latest critic, of the burden of his duller work; he needs that the other, which has not always been praised the most, should be detached and put forward. Further, Mr. Arnold enquires what are really the qualities by possession of which Wordsworth is so great. "Poetry," says the critic, "is at bottom a criticism of life; and the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question how to live." And Wordsworth's superiority, it is elsewhere urged, arises from his powerful application to his subject of ideas—to quote the poet's own words—"On man, on nature, and on human life." With regard to Wordsworth's idea of the high instincts and affections coming out in childhood, testifying of a divine home recently left, and fading away as our life proceeds, Mr. Arnold observes that though with Wordsworth himself, as a child, the instinct of delight in Nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength, it is doubtful whether this instinct is very often mighty in childhood or often tends to die away afterwards. Finally, with respect to Wordsworth's poetry, "let us be on our guard against the exhibitors and extollers of a scientific system of thought in it." The cause of its greatness is simple, and may be told quite simply. It is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature—the joy offered to us in the simple elementary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris: July 5, 1879.

History reminds one of Penelope's web. It is only woven to be unravelled, re-woven and unravelled over again. It seems as if no question could receive an absolutely final solution. If there is one question which might have been supposed to be exhausted, it is surely that of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. All historians, Protestant and Catholic, seemed to agree in dismissing the idea of a long-premeditated plot, and to regard it as an act of violence, of insanity and infatuation, caused by the failure of the attempt to assassinate Coligny, Catherine de Medicis and Charles IX.,

according to this view, trembling to see the Protestants avenge their chief, sought to rid themselves of the whole of them at a single blow. It is some satisfaction to the human conscience to refuse to believe in the premeditated character of such a fearful crime. Nevertheless, M. Bordier has just re-opened the question in a remarkable memoir on a picture of the Massacre, painted shortly after the event by the Amiens artist, François Du Bois, then a refugee at Geneva—a picture which is still preserved at Lausanne. In this memoir—*La Saint Barthélemy et la Critique moderne* (Geneva: Georg)—M. Bordier deals with two points: (1) Did Charles IX. fire on the Huguenots from a window in the Louvre? (2) Was the Massacre premeditated? He places the first point almost beyond the possibility of doubt. With regard to the second, it is difficult to arrive at absolute certainty, but it must be admitted that very strong presumptions exist in favour of the affirmative. The despatches of the various Italian ambassadors, a letter from Catherine de Medicis to Du Ferrier, in which she boasts of her action, seem to prove premeditation beyond a doubt; and M. Bordier has likewise very properly laid stress on the undeniable authority of the testimony of De Thou, which has been neglected in the later criticisms, and he has shown the incredibility of the supposed speech of Henry III. to his physician, Marc Miron, on which all recent historians have relied.

In passing from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew to the Commune, we can scarcely be said to change the subject. The same populace that massacred the advisers of Charles the Dauphin with Etienne Marcel, that massacred the Armagnacs with Capeluche the executioner, that massacred the Protestants in 1572 and fought in the name of Catholicism during the League, is the same that in 1792 butchered the suspects confined in the prisons, and shot the hostages in 1871, in the name of the Revolution. Its instincts have changed their form, but they still exist. They act like a blind force, and it seems sometimes that those who have been swept away by them lose, after a little while, the very recollection of their acts, like the delegate of the Commune who, after taking part in the fires in the Rue Royale and having been condemned *per contumaciam*, on reading an account of his crime in Maxime Du Camp's articles, refused to believe it, and returned with evident sincerity to submit to a fresh trial and sentence. M. Du Camp's articles, which furnished this curious epilogue to the history of the Commune, have just been collected. They form the third volume of *Les Convulsions de Paris* (Hachette), and deal with the rescue of the Ministry of Marine and the Bank of France. In the midst of so many scenes of horror, it causes a deep feeling of relief to see how a few honourable and courageous men (and among them certain members of the Commune) succeeded in protecting the lives and fortunes of many. On no single point has M. Du Camp's enquiry been more minute and impartial; on no point is his narrative more interesting. Whoever wishes to see to what an extent historians may differ in the appreciation and statement of the same facts—how difficult it is, even with regard to contemporary events, to arrive at certainty—has only to read after M. Du Camp the book by M. Fiaux on *La Guerre civile de 1871* (Charpen-tier). This is a very careful piece of work, and the narrative is very complete, but it is written by a man who is evidently pleading extenuating circumstances in favour of the Commune, who, like the Catholics with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, denies premeditation in all cases, and seeks to throw on a band of robbers and subordinates heavy responsibilities that in common justice must be laid to the account of their superiors, nay, even of the ideas in the name of which the insurrection was made.

If we wish to form an idea of the sentiments by which the Commune was really inspired, we have only to read the bitter, mournful, eloquent, but cruel book which M. Jules Vallès has just published under the pseudonym of "Jean de la Rue," *Jacques Vingtras* (Charpentier). This novel, which is dedicated to all those who were crushed with tasks at college, or thrashed by their parents at home, contains the history of a child who, misunderstood and ill-treated by his father and mother, experiences nothing but sufferings and humiliations, and has no feelings but those of rancour and of hate. Written in a jerky, nervous, violent style, and evidently full of personal recollections, this book throbs with the very spirit of revolt. The author's only feeling is hate. Life can be for him but one long vengeance, and he feels a keen delight in the sight of ill-deeds and in doing them. M. Léon Cladel also has sought to inspire himself with the sentiments which produced the Commune. In his last volume, *Bonshommes* (Charpentier), he has devoted a novelette, "Mère Blanche," to the praise of revolutionists, including those of 1871. But the reader feels that in him this admiration is simply an artist's caprice, and not, as with M. Vallès, a profound inbred sympathy. M. Cladel is before all a writer; he is that and nothing else. He has no imagination, he cannot create character, he is a stylist pure and simple. His writings, in which he strives to portray the realities of rural life and popular passions, seem to reek of hair-powder, lamp-oil, the dung-hill, and petroleum combined. He is a pretentious realist; but he writes well enough to be worth reading. His portrait of Baudelaire, in his novelette entitled "Dux," is a vivid and life-like picture of that strange poet, who was at once an Indian dreamer, a debauchee of Imperial Rome, and a college pedant.

After reading these morbid and laborious works, it is refreshing to turn to some simple and vigorous book, such as *Julien Savignac* (Charpentier), just republished by M. Ferdinand Fabre, or even a novel containing an accurate and faithful depiction of bourgeois manners, such as M. Duranty's *Mulheur d'Henriette Gérard* (Charpentier), or else the light and pleasant sketches in prose and verse which M^{me}. Daudet, the wife of our great novelist, has collected under the title of *Impressions de Nature et d'Art* (Charpentier). It is delightful to repose in this atmosphere of feminine kindness, mingled with wit, poetry, and grace, after the brutalities and affectations of the so-called "naturalistic" school, which forgets that sympathy is the first condition of literary emotion, and unmistakably reveals the basis of its mode of feeling by the title given by M. Zola to his book of literary criticism, *Mes Haines* (Charpentier), followed by *Mon Salon*. The exaggerated personality in the *I, my*, standing sentry everywhere, and on the other hand *hatred*, the spirit of detraction, of negation, which narrows the soul and kills the faculty of feeling admiration and emotion—such are the Scylla and Charybdis of the tendency of which M. Zola is the single eminent representative, and of which he is likewise the apostle.

Happily, the doctrines he preaches do not prevent him from being a painter and a poet on occasion, and, above all, do not prevent other poets from dreaming, from imagining, from singing. You have lately received a visit in London from one of the most pleasing representatives of the younger school of French poetry, M. Jean Aicard. He had the best of claims to the honour of writing the verses whereby the Comédie Française was to greet the English public, and Molière Shakspeare. He is the author of a verse translation of *Othello*, in which Shakspeare's text is rendered with equal fidelity, movement, and freedom from affectation. This translation, of which only a single act has as yet been played at the Théâtre Français, is simply a

masterpiece. It reproduces all the passionate variety of the original. M. Aicard has likewise devoted to the glory of Shakspeare a piece in one act entitled *William*, which will be played in London, and in which he has introduced a translation of some famous passages from the poet's works. It is strange that one who has so keenly appreciated the greatest genius of the North is a pure Southerner, a child of Provence, rejoicing in the sun, the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the chirp of the grasshopper. He has devoted one whole volume—*Les Poèmes de Provence* (Charpentier)—to celebrating under its every aspect the country which he adores. He is now engaged on the composition of a rustic poem, *Miette et Noré*, in which the very life of the peasants of Provence is portrayed in language of exquisite simplicity and brightness of colouring. It will be a *Mireille* in French. This charm of naturalness and simplicity is Aicard's most striking characteristic; it is by virtue of this that he understands and appreciates children so thoroughly. He has given the children a whole volume, *La Chanson de l'Enfant* (Fischbacher), which abounds in tender and delicate passages. With this delicacy Aicard combines the ardent temperament of the men of the South. He cannot see with any patience the subordinate place that poetry holds in the society of our day, especially when he remarks the prominent position occupied by music even in the daily life of the family. He has sworn to contend against this indifference on behalf of an art which is, in his eyes, very superior to music, and he has constituted himself a rhapsodist. Others go through the world playing their music; but he will recite his verses as he goes, and he recites them like a consummate artist. In this mood he has already visited Switzerland and Holland, and has met with a very warm reception everywhere. From Holland he has brought us back a charming volume—*Visite en Hollande* (Fischbacher)—descriptions in prose, pictures in verse, in which we recognise at once the sombre Northern sea, with its yellow sandbanks, the tomb of many a ship, and the peaceful Dutch interiors where all the domestic virtues smile. And it is not his own verses only that M. Aicard recites, but those of his brother poets as well, and, while he scatters his young renown to every echo, it is poetry itself that he teaches us to love.

Amid this pleiad of youthful poets, there is one whose name is growing more renowned from day to day, and is already that of a master. To-morrow it will be that of the leader of a school. I refer to Sully Prudhomme. He has just published the third volume of the Elzevir edition of his works (Lemerre), which contains, besides miscellaneous pieces, three philosophical poems, "La Révolte des Fleurs," "Les Destins," "Le Zénith," ten sonnets on France, and a collection entitled "Les Vaines Tendresses," enriched with several new pieces. These last, in which the poet's exquisite sensibility finds expression in accents as touching as ever, yet indicate a subsidence of passion in his soul, a less mournful and stormy disposition. The need of reconciliation, of harmony, which was perceptible in the poem of *La Justice*, is here also manifest, and we believe that the poet will turn more and more in the direction of philosophical poetry, not for the purpose of fathoming obscure abstractions, but of clothing in a poetical and emotional form the highest subjects that can interest the human soul. He has shown in his "Zénith" how well he could ally depth of thought to original beauty of style and to brilliance of imagination. This elegy on two aeronauts who gave their lives as the price of soaring to a height that no man could approach and live is one of the finest works of our time; it can be appreciated only by those whose minds are accustomed to think and to examine the problems of science and philo-

sophy, but it awakens in them emotions which no poet save Shelley, Goethe, or Lucretius can convey.

I said above that M. Sully Prudhomme would shortly become the founder of a school. In fact, I have to introduce a new-comer in the literary world, M. Charles de Pomairols, whose inspiration proceeds directly from that of Sully Prudhomme. *La Vie Meilleure* (Lemerre) is the work of an artist who is not yet wholly master of his instrument, but who has natural gifts as a writer, a thinker, and a poet. Living a peaceful life far from the capital, it is solely inward emotions, deep but not noisy, that he expresses; but everything in his poetry is earnest, sincere, personal—sometimes too personal, so that it is only with difficulty transmitted to the reader's soul. As is the case with Sully Prudhomme, all the emotions of the heart are changed into philosophical thoughts, and all the thoughts have their echo in the heart. Whether he is setting forth the joys of the domestic hearth and of fatherhood, or showing in Art the manifestation of the Absolute which is best fitted to satisfy man, or portraying the peasants, the fields, the river he has known since his childhood, or expressing the anguish of a soul in which doubt and science have destroyed every vestige of a creed, we always find the same tendencies, the same qualities, the same emotional idealism. Its defect—at least its stumbling-block—is the excess of abstraction, the absence of life, of colour, of flesh and blood. It is sculpture, or rather drawing, but the touch is so light and delicate that the slightest thing would suffice to bring about its disappearance or at least to cause its charm to vanish. This kind of poetry requires the perfection of style, the enchanting music in which Sully Prudhomme excels. In this particular, M. de Pomairols has frequently succeeded. I will only quote one instance:—

"Ce robuste vieillard a quatre-vingt dix ans.

Il a vu ses amis s'enlourir dans la tombe,

Il a vu de leurs fils la précoce hécatombe

Et reste seul avec les tout petits enfants.

Comme un chêne au-dessus des taillis renaissants,

De toute la hauteur de son âge il surplombe,

Et le vide est bien grand entre son bras qui tombe

Et la forêt nouvelle aux jets adolescents.

Incertaine parfois, mais vaste, sa mémoire

A la confuse ampleur d'une page d'histoire

Qui de plus d'une vie assemble les instants.

Il est décoronné comme le front d'un saule,

Mais il vit, c'est assez, sa présence console

Et fait rêver que l'homme est le maître du temps."

This mixture of science, sentiment, philosophy, and poetry which we meet with in a rare degree in Sully Prudhomme is peculiarly calculated to please our generation, so far removed from the generous, if somewhat superficial, transports of Romanticism, so incapable of enjoying form for its own sake. How far remote already is the renown of Théophile Gautier, that writer, at once so pure and full of colour, of whom M. Bergerat has just given us a familiar portrait that may well win our affection, with his lavish and indolent, artistic and haughty nature, half Parisian, half Oriental, in *Théophile Gautier: Entretiens, Souvenirs, et Correspondance* (Charpentier). How few among the young men of to-day read even Th. de Banville, the cleverest of Gautier's disciples, whose plays in verse, which have recently appeared (Charpentier), clearly attest the author's infinite suppleness of talent, his brilliant and pleasing fluency. *Deidamia* or *Florise* is charming reading for those who like verses sharply cut and full of colour. But those who like verses for their own sake, poetry for its form, are rare at the present day. This is the reason why neither M. de Banville nor M. Leconte de Lisle will be elected to the French Academy; no one will be surprised at their exclusion, while M. Sully Prudhomme

will become a member whenever he pleases. It is time, by-the-way, for the Academy to devote a thought to literature, and forget the political storms that have arisen within its precincts. Everybody knows the grotesque chain of circumstances through which M. Thiers, after having had the misfortune of being assigned to M. Emile Ollivier to be eulogised, was destined by an adverse fate to fall into the hands of M. Marmier. The publication of M. Ollivier's discourse has not caused its non-delivery to be regretted. With the exception of two brilliant and excellent passages on M. Thiers as a writer and orator, and an eloquent paragraph on Napoleon I., this discourse was only an ill-timed apology for M. Ollivier's own conduct in 1870, and a systematic attempt to blacken the character of M. Thiers. The Academy could not tolerate language of this stamp. It is said that it intends to console itself for these two serious emotions by electing M. Labiche. M. Labiche certainly possesses admirable *verve* as a comic author and a rare capacity of observation, but the motives for such a selection do not appear very weighty when such writers as Schérer, Fustel de Coulanges, Bersot, Laboulaye, A. Daudet, Flaubert, Leconte de Lisle, and Sully Prudhomme are not yet members.

G. MONOD.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- BERGERAT, E. Théophile Gautier: Entretiens, Souvenirs, et Correspondance. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
 BONNAVILLE, P., et L. JAUREZ. Les Arts et les Produits céramiques. Paris: LACROIX. 10 fr.
 CHAMPFLÉURY, Henry Monnier: sa Vie, son Œuvre, etc. Paris: DUBU. 10 fr.
 DAFORNE, J. Life and Works of E. M. Ward, R.A. Virtue & Co. 21s.
 DANTIER, A. Les Femmes dans la Société chrétienne. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 40 fr.
 EITZINGER, v. EDELBERG, R. Gesammelte kunsthistorische Schriften. Wien: Braumüller. 16 M.
 JOUTIN, H. La Sculpture en Europe en 1878. Paris: Plon. 6 fr.

History.

- BERG, E. v. Der Malteserorden u. seine Beziehungen zu Russland. Riga: Kymmell. 8 M.
 CASTELNAU, A. Les Mémoires. II. Paris: C. Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
 FOUCHER DE CAREIL, A. Descentes, la princesse Elisabeth, et la reine Christine. Paris: Germer Baillière.
 HERELLE, G. Documents inédits sur les Etats généraux (1482-1789). Paris: Champion.
 MOMMSEN, Th. Römische Forschungen. 2. Bd. Berlin: Weidmann. 9 M.
 QUICHERAT, Jules. Rodrigue de Villandrando, l'un des Combattants pour l'Indépendance française au XV^e siècle. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
 REDINGTON, J. Calendar of Home Office Papers of the Reign of George III. Vol. II. Longmans. 15s.
 WUTKE, H. Zur Vorgeschichte der Bartholomäusnacht. Hrg. v. G. Müller-Frauenstein. Leipzig: Weigel. 3 M.

Physical Science.

- KRYPTOGAMEN-FLORA v. SCHLESSEN. Hrg. v. F. Cohn. 2. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Breslau: Kern. 10 M.
 PUSCHMANN, Th. Alexander v. Tralles. Originaltext m. Uebersetzg. 2. Bd. Wien: Braumüller. 20 M.
 REINKE, J., u. G. BERTHOLD. Die Zersetzung der Kartoffel durch Pilze. Berlin: Wiegandt. 8 M.
 ROOD, O. N. Modern Chromatics. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 5s.
 WIEDERSHEIM, R. Die Anatomie der Gynophoronen. Jena: Fischer. 25 M.

Philology, &c.

- GRONEMANN, S. Die Jonathan'sche Pentateuch-Uebersetzung in ihrem Verhältnisse zur Halaacha. Leipzig: Fries. 3 M.
 HARNACK, A. De Philonis Judaei λόγος Inquisitio. Königsberg-Pr.: Hartung. 1 M.
 HERBST, A. D. Schmetob ben Schaphrut hebr. Uebersetzg. d. Evangeliums Matthäi nach den Drucken d. S. Münster u. J. der Fillet-Mercier neu dr. Göttingen: Dieterich. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 LUBARSCH, E. O. Französische Verslehre m. neuen Entwürfen f. die theore. Begründg. französ. Rhythmik. Berlin: Weidmann. 12 M.
 REINISCH, L. Die Nuba-Sprache. Wien: Braumüller. 1 M.
 RUEL, G. Zur Lautlehre der arabisch-taïdmudischen Dialecte. I. Die Kehllaute. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST. Translated by various Oriental Scholars, and edited by Prof. Max Müller. Vol. I. Part I. 10s. 6d.; Vol. II. Part I. 10s. 6d.; Vol. III. Part I. 12s. 6d. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WANDERINGS OF IO.

29 St. George's-square, S.W.: July 5, 1879.

As commentators seem to have agreed to go to history and ethnography for the true reading of the first word in line 420 of Pausanias's *Aeschylus*, 'Αραβίας τ' Ἀπειόν ἄνθος, may I be permitted to suggest to Mr. Freshfield that the name of a modern district of the Western Caucasus, Abaza or Abasia, points to a way out of the difficulty, which, at all events, does not involve so great a stretch of faith as the rendering he approves, 'Αβαρίας+ a rendering which is bound up with the theory that there have always been Avars in the Caucasus? Abasia is the 'Αβαρία of Procopius, Menander, Protector, and Constantine VII.; and, if we may assume that it was known at Athens in the age of Aeschylus by a name rather more like the one we know it by now, it is surely quite possible that the poet wrote 'Αβαρίας or 'Αβαρίας.

I advance this theory for what it is worth. Against Mr. Freshfield's "Avaria" I would advance the Fourth Book of Procopius *de Bel. Goth.* Nearly every one of the tribes mentioned in that clear description of the Caucasus can be accounted for in a way that disposes of all chance of their having been Avars. Thus, the Λαγυοί are the well-known modern Lazis. The 'Αβαγιοί, whose claims I advance, are out of the question. Σοβαρία (see also Menander, *Excerpta de legat. gent. ad Rom.*, ed. Migne, 6) is represented by the Suonnes of our own day. Then, the 'Αψιλοί are out of court, for the Romans could never have been in any doubt as to whence the Avars, who were giving them so much trouble on the Danube even before A.D. 569, came if they had started from the Apulia, which Zemarchus, warned by the friendly Duke of the Alans, Sarodius or Sarosius, of the ambush the Persians had prepared for him, on the way of Midimiania, traversed, on his return journey from the camp of the Grand-Khan of the Turks (Menander, *ib.* 9). Mr. Freshfield will doubtless recognise the Βρογχοί "who lived on Mount Caucasus, beyond the boundaries of the Abasians," in the Braki of Lower Abazek, and the Μέχοι in the Mitjeghis or Tchetchens.

For the remaining tribes—Scymnians, Zecchi, and Sagidae—I am unable to suggest modern equivalents; but the geographical positions which they occupied—their lands had once been Roman territory—place them as completely outside the list of possible Avars as the very Alans whose Duke sent Capsich, the Avar envoy, to Justin, son of Germanus, the Roman commander in Lazistan (A.D. 558, *vide* Menander, *Excerpta*, 1).

Mr. Freshfield will, I am sure, admit that it is of the very essence of his case that the hordes led by Baián to the conquest of Pannonia were, indeed, the false Avars (Ψευδάβαροι) the Turkish Grand-Khan declared them to be (Theophyl. Simoc., viii., 7); and that his theory must fail to the ground if he can show no reason to believe that there were actually true Avars up in the Caucasus at the very moment when the nomads from High Asia were assuming their name in the low country, north of the Kouban or the Terek, where, after long wanderings (Menander, 1), they came in contact with the Alans, then the allies of Rome for the first time.

P. Hunfalvy has made it pretty clear that Avar means "man of the mountain," and that it was either the name of some Ugrian nation, or was applied by a Ugrian-speaking people to some dreaded—and, as I venture to think, possibly some fabulous—race.

What Mr. Freshfield has to make clear is, either that some of the tribes named by Procopius called themselves Avars without the fact

being known to the statesmen and soldiers of Byzantium; or else that there was a great nation, whose fame had spread terror in the steppe country below, living in the Caucasus (with which the Romans were very fairly familiar) without their existence being known to the Roman commanders in Lazistan and Abasia.

A. R. FAIRFIELD.

PS.—It should be remembered that the Turks professed to know and to have overcome the true Avars (Theophyl., viii., 7); and I should not have omitted the Iberians from the tribes mentioned by Procopius.

ENGLISH GUILDS.

Highgate, N.: July 5, 1879.

In a notice of what must be an interesting paper on the Palmers' Guild of Ludlow, in the ACADEMY of June 21 (p. 539), the writer remarks that "the society appears to have had no connexion with trade, like most English guilds." May I be allowed to point out that these last words represent a common but quite erroneous idea? The social or parochial guilds were perhaps more numerous than even the trade societies in England in the fourteenth to sixteenth centuries, being found in country places quite as much as in towns all over the country. Thus there were seventy-five in Lynn (Norfolk), thirty-five in Bodmin (Cornwall), fifty in Cambridgeshire, eight in Boston, and Blomefield counts upwards of 900 in the county of Norfolk. A few of these last may have been connected with trade, but the bulk of them were, like the rest, founded for charitable, social, and religious purposes only. They must have played a most important part in the social and moral welfare of the people, for they supported not a few public objects, such as churches, bridges, and schools; and their internal rules were strict for the ordering of good life and manners. I need but refer to my father's volume on *English Guilds*, published by the Early English Text Society in 1870, in which many of their statutes are printed; and a very good résumé of their characteristics in "The Guilds of Lynn Regis," published in Mr. W. Rye's *Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany*, part i., 1873. That learned antiquary the Rev. W. Cole, and Sir F. M. Eden, in his *History of the Poor*, held strong opinions as to the value of these ancient and popular societies.

The Palmers' Guild at Ludlow was one of these, and its statutes (*English Guilds*, p. 193) contain several remarkable provisions; and the fresh light that Mr. Sparrow throws upon its history will be most welcome.

LUCY TOULMIN SMITH.

THE CORPUS MISSAL.

St. John's College, Oxford: July 6, 1879.

There are numerous variations of reading from the Textus Receptus of the Vulgate in the passages of Scripture employed in the Corpus Missal, which have been merely indicated in the margin of my edition, without any attempt to trace their source.

The interesting points alluded to by Professor Dowden in your last number will perhaps call the attention of students of the Latin versions of the Bible to the rich and almost unworked mine of information contained between the covers of ancient Western Service Books.

F. E. WARREN.

SHAKSPERE AND THE BIBLE.

Blackheath: July 8, 1879.

I am sorry to ask for space in the ACADEMY, but a few words of explanation are necessary, and I am sure you will courteously allow me to offer them.

The chapters on *Shakspeare's Debt to the Bible* originally formed a review in the *Fireside*, fifteen years since. The Shakspeare Celebration led me to add to them considerably, and I decided to reprint them as a small volume. Before doing so I made enquiry, and, finding that *Bible Truths with Shaksperian Parallels* was still on sale at Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's, the original publishers, I wrote to them, stating that I should be glad to do all I could to further the sale of any remaining copies by specially recommending my readers to buy that volume, in which the subject was fully treated. I also wrote a similar letter to Mr. Selkirk, with a copy of my book. I believe I was informed that he was on the Continent; anyhow, no word of remonstrance has reached me from him.

Mr. Selkirk now complains that "twenty pages of the volume, without which the book would have been no book at all, are appropriated from a volume of his." It would have been more correct to say that about fifteen pages, containing fifty-five short illustrative extracts from Shakspeare's Plays, out of a large collection of similar quotations made by Mr. Selkirk, and forming a large volume, are given by me; and it would, I think, have been generous to add that, in doing this, I wrote as follows:—

"Since I find the volume to which I was indebted can still be obtained, I hope many of my readers will be sufficiently interested to secure it, in order to study more fully these remarkable Shaksperian Bible parallels. I may say they number about a thousand."

I added on a succeeding page:—

"I can but again refer those who wish to pursue the investigation to Mr. Selkirk's volume, although, even after they have enjoyed the full results of his labours, they will still do well to take his counsel and 'make further search in the glorious mines' from which he tells us, with the humility of a genuine and laborious student, he has but gathered 'broken fragments.'"

Whether my book, which contains sixty-four pages, would have been "no book at all" without Mr. Selkirk's fifteen pages of quotations from Shakspeare, it is not for me to determine; but certainly it could not have cost much effort to select fifty sentences from similar books on Shakspeare's use of the Bible, or even from Shakspeare's Plays themselves.

No doubt Mr. Selkirk and myself are both very much indebted to Shakspeare, and our books, *without the quotations*, would have been very much like the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet himself left out.

CHARLES BULLOCK.

LEVER'S LETTERS.

Dublin: July 7, 1879.

In reply to the objections urged by your reviewer against my *Life of Lever*—namely, that I omitted his letters—permit me to say that this course was not taken owing to any caprice on my part, fostered by the judgment of some recent reviews which condemn biographers who block, by the insertion of letters, the progress of a memoir; but primarily because a member of the late Dr. Lever's family contemplates collecting and bringing out his Correspondence; and I was unwilling that my book should seem in any way to clash with the projected epistolary collection. As mentioned in the Preface, I carefully digested the mass of letters which passed through my hands, and wove into the text any point marked by wit, or which furnished material for his *Life*.

W. J. FITZ-PATRICK.

SCIENCE.

Modern Meteorology. (Stanford.)

Our readers will probably remember that, at the close of last year, our columns contained reports of a series of six public lectures on Meteorology, delivered in the Theatre of the Institution of Civil Engineers, under the auspices of and by Fellows of the Meteorological Society. In accordance with a very generally expressed wish to preserve the most interesting information contained in those lectures, the Council of the Society decided to have them published, and the result is the little volume now before us. It is pretty generally admitted that a work on Meteorology as at present constituted is a desideratum, and we must express regret that the limited time allotted to each lecture did not permit of the authors of the various articles treating their subjects at greater length.

Much of the information necessarily is of an elementary nature, a great deal also, especially in those lectures dealing with the distribution of barometric pressure, the temperature of the air, and the rainfall, is statistical, but in all cases it is presented to the reader in such a form as never to become dry. Dr. Mann has the somewhat thankless task of introducing the science, and he performs it with great clearness, and his well-known lucidity, in a lecture on the physical properties of the atmosphere. He is followed by Mr. Laughton, whose discourse on the temperature of the air surrounding the globe is agreeably illustrated by travellers' accounts of extreme climatic conditions. Mr. Symons, it is needless to say, treats the question of rain, snow, and hail, production and deposition, *con amore*, as does also Mr. Strachan that of barometers and storm warnings; but the section which we believe will be found to present the greatest novelty is that on clouds and weather signs by the Rev. Clement Ley, a gentleman who confesses he has spent a twelfth part of his waking existence in watching them, having been a cloud observer from infancy.

This branch of the science, usually slighted by professed meteorologists, presumably on account of the impossibility of reducing it to figures and "grinding them in a mathematical mill," to quote one lecturer, has been well worked by Mr. Ley. He points out the connexion between the different forms of cloud visible in cyclones and anti-cyclones, and the distribution of atmospheric pressure and wind, so that anyone thoroughly mastering his essay, learning the rules he lays down, and studying the lithographs illustrating them, ought easily to surpass the proverbial old salt in weather wisdom.

The last lecture, on the Nature, Method, and General Objects of Meteorology, devolves upon Mr. Scott, and in it he shows most ably and fully the stupendous nature of the problem meteorologists have to solve, and how very little the materials at present available contribute towards its solution, forcibly contrasting its position in this respect with that of astronomy; at the same time, however, he cheers us by telling what strides are now being made to overcome the difficulties surrounding the question.

The book being the joint production of

half a dozen authors contains, as may be expected, several cases of repeated reference to the same subject; one singular instance of this is found in the estimates given of the temperature of the upper limit of the atmosphere. At p. 22 this is stated to be from $-77\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ to $-119\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr., while at p. 32 it is given as probably 500 degrees below the freezing point.

With respect to theories of meteorology, we think the lecturer too severe on the advocates of sun-spot cycles, at p. 100, where he characterises investigations into the possible connexion between solar phenomena and rainfall as wild-goose chases. Surely Dr. Meldrum's report, extending over twenty-nine pages, in the recent volume issued by the British Association, is entitled to a more honourable term.

It is somewhat disappointing to find in the work references to charts and diagrams which were exhibited to the meetings, but are not reproduced; probably the defect is due to economical considerations. An index would also be preferable to the syllabus now given at the beginning of the book.

G. M. WHIPPLE.

An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, arranged on an Historical Basis.
By the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. Part I.
A—DOR. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

AN etymological dictionary of English, especially one on so large a scale as the present, is a formidable undertaking. A thorough knowledge of Old and Middle English, Old Norse, Old French, Latin, and Greek, is a combination which has certainly as yet never been even approximately achieved by any Englishman, and never will be while the materials for the study of the most important of these languages continue in their present chaotic state. No one can look through this work without seeing at once that the author's specialty is Middle English; and his thorough command of the whole of that period is attested by the number of exact references, showing the earliest appearance of each word, which is of the greatest importance in determining its source. The Scandinavian words are generally duly pointed out, as in the case of *anger*, *aye*, *bole*. Prof. Skeat has, however, missed the Scandinavian origin of *awe*, namely *agi* (first pointed out by Prof. Zupitza in a review of my *History of English Sounds*), and derives it from O. E. *ôga*, which is against all laws of sound-change. Nor can *daughter* be derived from O. E. *dohtor*, but rather shows the influence of the Danish *datter*, as pointed out in the *History of English Sounds*, and Prof. Zupitza afterwards claimed *sister* as a Norse form, the loss of the *w* of O. E. *sweostor* being anomalous. The treatment of the O. E. period is the most unsatisfactory, as Prof. Skeat has here relied mainly on the extant dictionaries, all of which (with the exception of Grein) teem with the grossest errors handed down from one compiler to the other. Lye pillaged Junius; and Lye and Somner, together with the later glossaries to various text editions, were digested into one uncritical mass by Bosworth, who not only retains all the blunders of his predecessors, but even adds to them. I cannot help thinking that Prof.

Skeat would have done better if he had relied less on the dictionaries and vocabularies, and more on his own reading; no one expects him to go through the whole mass of prose, but even a cursory perusal of a few of the best texts, such as the *Pastoral* and Elfric's *Homilies*, would have enabled him to correct many errors and supply many deficiencies in his authorities. Thus, he is quite right in distrusting words given only by Somner, but, as a matter of fact, many of Somner's special words are taken from Elfric's *Homilies*, where, among others, the verbs *cealfian* (II. 300, 34) and *glōwan* (I. 424, 35) may be found, which Prof. Skeat is inclined to reject as guesses of Somner's. Under *cock* we are told that the word is of French origin, not appearing before 1100, but it occurs many times in caps. 63 and 64 of the *Pastoral*; and there is no appearance of *hana* in Alfred's English as far as I know, except in the compound *han-cræd*. I have not many references for *cicen* (chicken), but they all show *i*, not *y*, so the derivation from *cocc* is impossible—at least as far as our present evidence goes—*cocc* could only give **cyccen*, and, as *c* before *y* is never palatised (compare Mod. E. *king*, *kin*, from *cyng*, *cynn*), we should have **kitchen* in Mod. E., just as in the word corresponding to O. E. *cyceane*. Bosworth's account of *crépel* is a tissue of the most ludicrous blunders, so that Prof. Skeat is right in saying of *cripple* that "the traces of it are not very distinct." But the Durham gloss has frequently *cordcryp(p)el* = "paralyticus," pointing clearly to **krupila* from *créopan*, not *crépel* as Prof. Skeat writes, which could only be a late W. S. form of *crépel* = **kraupila*.

It will be seen that Prof. Skeat, although in general he zealously upholds the authority of "Grimm's Law," is apt occasionally to relapse into English lawlessness, and cannot resist the temptation of ignoring the finer vowel-laws when he sees two words temptingly alike. Thus he connects *bless* and *bliss*, *bird* and *brood*, without any hint of the phonetic difficulties. We are told under *dive* that *dūfan* is an older form of *dīfan*: the two are as distinct as *full* and *fell*, *lie* and *lay*.

I cannot speak with any authority on the French part of the work, and will only call attention to the clear way in which the blending of English and French words and forms is illustrated under such words as *anneal* and *afford*. Great labour and research have evidently been bestowed on the more occasional sources, such as the Celtic languages, and the unconnected Oriental ones—Arabic, Persian, Malay, Chinese. The word *caddy* will illustrate this. The Celtic words offer great difficulties, and their investigation will continue unsatisfactory till a real working school of Celtic philologists has given us historical grammars and dictionaries of each language, of which there seems little prospect. *Bad* and *cut* seem to be satisfactorily identified as Celtic, Prof. Skeat rightly rejecting the absurd identifications of the former with G. *böse* and Persian *bad*.

As regards later words, Prof. Skeat follows Müller in regarding *donkey* as a diminutive of *dun*, as a name for a horse, but does not mention the analogy of *monkey*, referred to by Müller. *Doll* he refers to Old Dutch *dol* (whipping-top). *Dally*, which Müller con-

nects with *doll*, he refers to M. E. *dwelien* (err, be foolish). *Cuddle* he explains with Cockayne as a corruption of *couthle* from *cúd*—hence originally "to be familiar."

In the ultimate etymologies Fick has been mainly followed, and although these are of secondary importance, it would have been better if he had not been relied on so implicitly. It is always worth while to check him by reference to the indexes to Schmidt's *Vokalismus*, whose etymologies are always good, even when used to support questionable theories. It is, for instance, high time that the attempt to connect *broad* with Sanskrit *prthá* were given up, and Prof. Skeat accordingly discredits this etymology, but without mentioning Schmidt's derivation from the root *bhrandh* "swell," preserved also in the Greek *brithos*. The etymology of *door* is no longer doubtful, as Bugge has shown that it is formed from *dhu* "blow," signifying originally any open place (this derivation may be found in Vanicek's well-known etymological dictionary). There is no need to query the connexion between *break* and Skr. *bhanj*, for the same dropping of *r* after *bh* occurs also in *bhunkte* = Lat. *fruitur*.

I have made these criticisms, not in order to depreciate Prof. Skeat's work, but to show how vast the subject is, and what many-sided training and research its study involves. Etymology is not a pursuit to be taken up by dabblers and dilettanti, as many still assume, but is really the sum of the results of every branch of philological science. The defects of this work are those inseparable from the present degraded condition of English scholarship, and the consequent want of preparatory investigations; its merits are those of laborious and conscientiously accurate research, guided by profound learning and never-failing sagacity. HENRY SWEET.

SCIENCE NOTES.

In the *Annales de l'Observatoire Royal de Bruxelles*, Nouvelle Série, Astronomie, tome i., J. C. Houzeau, the successor of Adolphe Quetelet in the directorship of the Brussels Observatory, makes two very valuable contributions to astronomical science. The first of these is a new "*Uranométrie générale*," founded on the author's own observations procured during some years' sojourn within the tropics. When, in 1843, Argelander, by his *Uranometria Nova*, conferred upon astronomers the boon of the first trustworthy star-atlas containing the stars visible to the naked eye according to their magnitudes derived from direct comparisons in the heavens, he had to confine himself to the stars visible in our latitudes. The same restriction was placed upon Heis in his *Atlas novus coelestis*, published in 1872. The long-felt want of a similar representation of the part of the heavens not visible in our latitudes was supplied in 1874 by Behrmann's *Atlas des südlichen gestirnten Himmels*; and the *Uranometria Argentina*, which for some years past has been in preparation as part of the work of the Cordoba Observatory by Gould and his assistants, and which will soon be published, promises to be a faithful representation of the heavens from the South Pole to ten degrees of northern declination. But observations of this kind, made by eyes of different sharpness of vision and under different climatic conditions, leave necessarily some incongruities (especially in the case of stars near the limit of visibility), which affect the deductions drawn from their

comparison. Houzeau's *Uranométrie générale*, which extends over the whole heaven, will consequently be all the more welcome, since, founded as it is upon estimates made by the same observer and under the same climatic conditions, it renders direct comparison between the southern and northern hemispheres feasible, and furnishes a safe basis for the study of the distribution of the naked-eye stars over the whole heaven. The beautiful nights of Jamaica and of other tropical stations allowed the examination of considerable parts of a constellation in a comparatively short time, and Houzeau was enabled to accomplish his whole review within thirteen months, from January 1875, to February 1876. The number of stars recorded over the whole heavens is 5,719, or one to about seven square degrees, stars seen only under exceptional circumstances or by straining the eyes not being included. The magnitudes, which, according to the author's explanations, strictly fulfil the essential condition of having been estimated quite independently of previous determinations, are given in the ordinary scale, but with only one sub-division, instead of the two sub-divisions adopted by Argelander and the other observers. Houzeau gives some interesting details regarding the influence of the vicinity of stars upon their visibility. The places and magnitudes of the stars are arranged in four catalogues, each of a breadth of forty-five degrees in declination, and they are represented on five maps, three equatorial and two polar maps. The most interesting and important feature of these maps is the representation of the milky way by bluish tints of different intensity corresponding to the different intensities of the original. Houzeau gives a list of thirty-three points of maximum brightness, and employs them for a new determination of the pole of the galaxy. His final result for the position of the pole is right ascension 12h. 49m. and declination + 27° 30' for 1880.

Reinite.—During his travels in Japan, Dr. Rein, the Professor of Mineralogy in Marburg, found a new mineral at Kimbosan in Kei, which has now been fully described by Dr. Otto Luedcke of Halle (*Jahrbuch für Mineralogie*, 1879, 286). It occurs associated with large crystals of quartz, and both are often covered with a yellowish coating of hydrated iron oxide. It forms tetragonal pyramids. A small particle fused with acid potash sulphate was found to contain a heavy metallic acid. In the quantitative analysis, it was fused with sodium carbonate and saltpetre, which did not show the well-known manganese reaction, and was found to contain

Tungstic acid	...	75.47
Iron protoxide	...	24.33

99.80

as well as traces of lime, magnesia, and a small amount of what appeared to be tantalic acid. The new mineral, therefore, is pure tungstate of iron protoxide FeWO_4 . Geuther some time ago prepared artificially, and described in the *Annalen der Chemie*, a dark violet-brown powder, having the specific gravity 7.1, and the same composition as reinite. It is allied to other members of the same group as follows:—

Hübnerite	...	MnWO_4
Wolfram	...	MnWO_4
Reinite	...	FeWO_4

It should also be remembered that P. Groth, in Poggendorff's *Annalen*, has described the artificially prepared monoclinic hübnerite and ferberite FeWO_4 . In form the new mineral is allied rather with scheelite CaWO_4 and stolzite PbWO_4 , being tetragonal. The hardness of reinite is the same as that of fluorite, and the specific gravity 6.64. It is opaque, blackish-brown, has a brown streak. Very

thin flakes of the mineral allow violet-brownish light to pass.

Weather Forecasts.—The Meteorological Office has commenced the regular issue of forecasts to subscribers, and the Council are determined to put the value of these announcements to a very practical test, by sending by telegraph, gratis, during the coming hay season, forecasts every evening to a number of gentlemen, in various parts of the country, who are largely interested in farming, only asking in return that they shall send in their honest opinion on the result. Whatever be the outcome of this experiment, it cannot fail to be of interest.

Sunspots and Rainfall.—In a pamphlet of thirty-four pages, which has been prepared by Messrs. Lockyer, Hunter, and Archibald for submission to the Indian Famine Commission, and is published by Messrs. Macmillan, we have a carefully drawn-up digest of the evidence for the existence of a sunspot periodicity in cosmical phenomena. The authors have put together the evidence of such periodicity in Magnetic Declination, in Auroras, in the number of Cyclones, in the area of Cyclones, in Wrecks from Lloyd's books, and in Rainfall, and they express their conviction that, notwithstanding many apparent anomalies and a large area of unexplained facts, the evidence suffices to establish the existence of a common cycle, but they do admit that the time for safe prediction has not yet come. The pamphlet is very useful for those who wish to see all that can be said in favour of the theory.

Geological Results of the Second Yarkand Mission.—A memoir containing the scientific observations made by the late Dr. Stoliczka, while attached to this mission, has been issued by the Indian Government. To Mr. W. T. Blanford, of the Geological Survey of India, has been entrusted the work of editing the rough notes and papers left by the naturalist. During the summers of 1864 and 1865, Stoliczka explored the North-Western Himalayas and parts of Western Tibet, but the fatigue which he experienced during these journeys so injured his constitution that he never permanently recovered. Still, he was able during his life to communicate the most important of his observations to the scientific world. Papers published in the *Records* of the Geological Survey of India, and in the *Journal* of the Geological Society, have made us acquainted with his principal results; but the work which has just been published under Mr. Blanford's care adds to our knowledge of the geological structure of the country which Stoliczka visited, especially by giving the sections recorded in his travelling diary, but not previously published.

Mountain Observatories.—The French Departmental Meteorological Commissions exhibit much more vitality than any of our local societies, and of late the commission of the Département de Vaucluse has set on foot a project for the erection of an observatory on the top of Mont Ventoux, near Avignon, an isolated peak, rising to the height of about 6,200 feet, nearly the same as that of Mount Washington. The first proposal, made in 1875, came to nothing; but in 1877, M. Giraud, Director of the Ecole Normale of Avignon, ascended the mountain, and made a few observations, and, finally, in August last, a large party, led by M. Giraud, reached the top and took readings regularly for twenty-four hours. The plan is now in a fair way of being carried into effect. The sum of £6,000 is required for the building and for the construction of a road to the top. M. Bischoff-heim has given £400; the Association Scientifique, £80; and from other subscribers, many of them municipal councils, a further sum of about £2,100 had been collected up to the end of May. We sincerely wish every success to this spirited

venture of the southern meteorologists. The Italians, however, are not going to be behind the French, and Professor Tacchini of Palermo brought forward before the Congress at Rome a scheme for an observatory on the Casa degl' Inglesi, on Etna, at a height of about 9,270 feet. The building is only to be inhabited from June to September, but meteorological registration is to be kept up during the remainder of the year. The station is to be in connexion with the Observatory of Catania, and a series of three or four subsidiary observatories are to be established between the new station and Catania.

The Diurnal Range of the Barometer on Heights.—Dr. Hann has induced the German-Austrian Alpine Club to put up a self-recording aneroid on the Schafberg, near Ischl. He has given in the Austrian *Zeitschrift* for May a discussion of diurnal range from the data furnished by this instrument, and has compared the results with those from other mountain stations. He comes to the unsatisfactory conclusion that no data exist for laying down a formula for the variation in diurnal range with height. The only definite conclusion announced is that the phenomenon is more strongly marked in valleys than on plains in the same latitude. The paper merits the most careful attention on the part of all who have studied diurnal range.

Meteorology in Italy.—The Italian Government have taken formal possession of the observatory of the Collegio Romano, and have removed Padre Ferrari, Secchi's successor, from it. It is now constituted the Central Office of the new Italian system, of which Prof. Tacchini has been appointed chief, and has already entered on his functions.

THE New York *Nation* records the formal presentation to the Government of the invaluable collection of Indian portraits and curiosities made by the late George Catlin. This collection was, a generation ago, one of the standing attractions of London, was afterwards exhibited in Belgium, and there fell into the hands of the late Joseph Harrison, jun., of Philadelphia, who not only helped Mr. Catlin out of his financial straits by the purchase, but intentionally preserved for his country this most remarkable record of the American aborigines. His widow has now offered it to the National Museum, where it will be duly displayed.

The Level of Greatest Rainfall in India.—In the Austrian *Journal* for May, Mr. Hill gives a paper on this question. He shows that the rainfall does not show a regular increase with height, and that the greatest recorded amounts are all found at the level of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea. The excessive rainfall at Dhurnasala is as well known for Western India as that of Cherrapunjee for Eastern, and neither station has a great elevation. Mr. Hill explains the existing distribution of rainfall in height on the principle laid down by General Strachey ("Royal Society Proceedings," 1861), that the tension of aqueous vapour in the air at any level bears the same proportion to its tension at the sea level as the maximum density of vapour in the air at the required level for its temperature bears to its maximum density at sea level for the temperature prevailing there.

The Anemometrical Results of the "Polaris" Expedition.—Serious criticisms of the results given by Dr. Bessels in his portly volume (*ACADEMY*, July 7, 1877) have already appeared, and revision of the figures has been promised, but the corrected values have not yet seen the light. Dr. Wehrauch, of Dorpat, who has paid much attention to anemometry, has re-discussed the data for wind, and finds them very grievously in error; the new results are given in the Austrian *Zeitschrift* for May. This discovery is the more unfortunate because Wojcikof, in his edition of Coffin's

Tables, has taken the figures given in the published volume. Dr. Wehrauch, who has discussed the results of von Oettingen's integrating component anemometer at Dorpat, finds, as might be anticipated, the observations too rough to indicate the more delicate phenomena which the Dorpat instrument brings to light.

The Graduation of Thermometers.—Dr. Pernet has prepared for the Congress at Rome a Report on the determination of the fixed points of thermometers, and has published a summary of it in the Austrian *Zeitschrift* for April. From his connexion with the International Metric Commission he has some right to speak with authority, but we must remark that his positive assertions are not received with implicit faith by those engaged on similar studies in this country. The paper is so condensed that we could not give an intelligible abstract in the space at our disposal.

New Compounds of Ammonia and Hydrogen Chloride.—Hydrochloric acid and ammonia have hitherto been known only in one form of combination—that of sal ammoniac, analogous to salt and potassic chloride. Troost, during his experiments on the vapour density of ammoniac compounds, has found a number of curious compounds which dry ammonia forms with hydrogen chloride, sulphuretted hydrogen, and a number of other mineral and organic acids. In a recent communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences (*Comptes rend.*, lxxviii., 578) he describes the new compounds of ammonia and hydrochloric acid. The first contains four equivalents of ammonia, and one of the acid; it melts at $+7^{\circ}$, its crystals energetically depolarise light, and therefore do not belong to the same crystalline system as sal ammoniac—it is anhydrous, and has the formula $\text{HCl}, 4\text{NH}_3$. The second compound contains seven equivalents of ammonia, and one equivalent of the acid. It melts at -18° ; the liquid exhibits the characters of supersaturation; if rapidly cooled it becomes viscous, and at -40° becomes a transparent solid mass. It has the composition $\text{HCl}, 7\text{NH}_3$.

FINE ART.

EARLY AND MEDIAEVAL CHRISTIAN PAINTINGS.

Storia della Arte Cristiana, nei primi otto secoli della chiesa. Scritta dal P. Raff. Garucci. Livr. 1—79. (Prato, 1873—1879.)

Histoire de l'Art byzantine et de l'Iconographie, d'après les Miniatures des Manuscrits grecs. Par N. Kondakoff. (Odessa.)

Early Drawings and Illuminations: an Introduction to the Study of Illustrated Manuscripts, with a Dictionary of Subjects in the British Museum. By Walter de Gray Birch and Henry Jenner. (Bagster.)

The Apocalypse of St. John the Divine, represented by Figures reproduced in facsimile from a MS. in the Bodleian Library. Edited by the Rev. H. O. Coxe. (Printed for the Roxburghe Club.)

Scriptum super Apocalypsim cum Imaginibus (Wenceslai Doctoris). Codex Bibl. capit. Metrop. Pragensis. (Pragae.)

To the student of Christian art, the investigation of its early remains is of the highest interest, considering that, from the commencement of the Christian era till the invention of printing, these monuments (with the exception of the early mosaics of churches and wall paintings in the Catacombs) are confined to the illuminations in manuscripts. It is

therefore surprising that more attention has not been paid to this class of paintings than has hitherto been done, affording, as they do, an embodiment of the Christian feeling of the different successive periods, as well as illustrations of the costume, manners and customs, architecture, &c., of the people among whom they were respectively executed. In our own country, Strutt was the first author who made good and extensive use of illuminated manuscripts in his different works, and Dibdin selected many of the most beautiful specimens of art to be found in the most gorgeous of these treasures, which were reproduced in his *Bibliographical Decameron*, &c., with extreme fidelity and beauty; and Knight, in his *Pictorial History of England*, availed himself to a large extent of this source of illustration.

The work of Father Garucci, now approaching completion, first mentioned at the head of this article, is of great importance, giving in the 350 folio plates already published a mass of figures of sacred subjects executed during the first eight centuries, copied from the early wall paintings, mosaics, sarcophagi, gilt glass vessels, and illuminated manuscripts. These are engraved for the most part in outline, and therefore lack the charm of the old coloured originals. The manuscripts of this early period illustrated with drawings are but few in number, the great majority of the books written during the first eight centuries being destitute, not only of painted subjects, but even of illuminated initial letters, which subsequently became so striking a feature. The manuscripts illustrated by Garucci in about fifty of his plates are—(1) the famous Book of Genesis at Vienna; (2) the burnt Genesis of the Cottonian Library; (3) the Codex Amiatinus; (4) the Syriac Gospels of Florence; (5) the Cambridge Gospels; (6) the Vatican Codex of Cosmas Indicopleustes; and (7) the Vatican roll of Joshua. Of all these books the whole of the drawings are illustrated.

The second work on our list, by N. Kondakoff, is confined to Greek art as exhibited in Byzantine MSS. The text is written in Russian, with great care and knowledge of the subject, with constant reference to all the sources in which the subject has been discussed, including Dagincourt (whose name appears as Дажинкур), Labarte, De Fleury (*Evangelies*), Martigny (*Dictionnaire*), Curmer, &c. The folio atlas of plates is filled with outline figures from the Vienna Genesis; the Vatican Joshua Roll; the Barberini MS., No. 1,053; the Syriac Gospels of Florence; the Vatican Cosmas; the Barberini Calendar; the Vatican Christina MS., No. 1, of the ninth century; the St. Petersburg Gospels, No. 21, of the eighth or ninth century; the Vatican MSS., Nos. 747 and 1,162; the Paris Gregory Nazianzen, Nos. 543 and 550; the Paris Gospels, Nos. 54 and 74; the Gospels of the Library of St. Mark, 540; and the Coptic Gospels of Paris, No. 13.

The third work on our list is the most useful addition to our knowledge of the subject hitherto published, being a dictionary of the principal subjects illustrated in the illuminated MSS. in the British Museum. The actual number of MSS. stored up in the national library at the present time is

upwards of 50,000, but the greater portion are, as usual, destitute of drawings. About 1,000 of them, however, are more or less fully and elaborately illustrated with drawings; and it is for the purpose of rendering this vast mass of pictorial materials available for the investigation of art students that Messrs. De Gray Birch and Jenner have compiled this most elaborate dictionary, with references to every representation of each subject contained in the various MSS. To show the nature of this dictionary, and the kind of subjects which have been catalogued, we take at random pp. 262 and 263, and find the following heads:—Samuel (nine references), Sanctuary (fleeing to), Sannius (Caius), Santarem, Saracens, Sarah (wife of Abraham), Sardanapalus, Satan (appearing before God), Saturn, Saturnalia, St. Saturninus, Satyr, Satyrical heads, Saul, Saw, Savages and wild men, Scaevola, Scaffold, Scales or balance, Sceptre, St. Scholastica, Scenes of School, Sciences personified, Scientific Instruments, Scissors or shears, Scorpion, Scourge, Scribe or notary. Here alone are materials for the Christian or civil artist, the scientific enquirer, the classical student, and even the practical artisan. The dictionary is preceded by a useful Introduction of forty pages, and a description of the twelve autotype facsimiles, selected from examples of Greek, English, French, Italian, German, and Flemish art.

The fourth work on our list is a charming set of coloured facsimiles of the drawings in one of the best copies of the Apocalypse, executed in the latter part of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, at which period many similar volumes on this subject were produced. The one selected by Mr. Cox, the worthy Keeper of the Bodleian Library, is the MS. Bodl. Auct. D. iv. 17 (we especially give this number, as it is not recorded in the printed matter prefixed to the volume). Each of the forty-six pages contains two drawings, made with the pen with wonderful neatness and dexterity, tinted with brown, red, green, and blue, with much skill. Each drawing measures six inches by four, and the subjects are of the most varied kind, many of them very strange and weird both in their material and treatment. I am inclined, however, to give the preference to another contemporary MS. of the Apocalypse contained in the Bodleian Library (Douce, No. 180). The drawings are equally neat and carefully executed, but the artists had a finer conception than is shown in Mr. Cox's plates. Compare, for instance, the drawing of the Presentation of St. John the Divine by the Angel to Christ, given in the lower division of plate 22, with the same subject in the Douce volume, as given by the late H. Shaw in his *Art of Illumination*, p. 19. But the finest of these illuminated Apocalypse books which I have seen is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Compare, for instance, the Adoration of the Four and Twenty Elders, in the Bodleian book (plate 10, upper division), with the same subject as represented in *Illuminated Illustrations of the Bible*, which latter is more artistically conceived and more excellently drawn.

The last work on our list is a lithograph facsimile of a manuscript commentary on the Apocalypse, contained in the library of the

Chapter of Prague, illustrated with outline pen-and-ink drawings very much in the style of those of the Bodleian MS.

J. O. WESTWOOD.

ART SALE.

WE had occasion, not quite three months ago, to record in these columns a sale of water-colour and other designs by George Cruikshank, at the auction rooms in Wellington-street; but this week a yet more important series of this artist's works has been on sale in King-street, and it would seem, from the fact that here were represented so many famous designs which cannot recur, that the vast collection of his own works which George Cruikshank left behind him approaches exhaustion. In the present sale were included many of the designs for *Oliver Twist*—among the most celebrated ever wrought by the artist—the illustrations to *Jack Shepherd*, the *Tower of London*, and many other works. The opportunity was thus afforded of seeing many of the artist's best things in the medium of water-colour, and of ascertaining how far his control of that art entitles him to be considered a serious master of it. It seems that the most finished water-colours of George Cruikshank are often the least attractive: when he works in water-colour, with the fullest lines and the most persistent detail, the result is liable to disappoint. But he was none the less a quite excellent master of water-colour sketching—a man able to enrich with delicate colour, singularly conservative of aerial effect, the spaces left by the scanty but significant lines of his pencil drawing. While he was reticent in his use of colour, he used colour with extreme intelligence; it was with him extremely suggestive of the actual scene which he had imagined and was intent to depict; it was not employed by him primarily for pleasure, in its harmonious juxtapositions. In the realm of colour, as elsewhere, Cruikshank was first—so to say—a dramatic, and only secondarily a technical artist. But his manner of handling the brush was nearly always, in pure sketches, masterly. He knew exactly what he wanted to do, and he did it quickly. A feature which has already been noted in the etchings of Cruikshank—the beauty and tenderness of his landscape backgrounds of city street or square—is yet more apparent in many of the tinted designs. He had a very personal sense—such as comes probably only to dwellers in the town—of the dainty beauty of long street lines, or gabled houses, or houses of the eighteenth century seen through the thin veil of mist which, even at the best, is the atmosphere of London. The comparison between his original design and his finished etching on the copper is always interesting. There was plenty of opportunity for it this week at Christie's. It is found generally that the etching is the better of the two where the first design has been executed in sepia, for in sepia Cruikshank was not particularly forcible. But where the original design is in water-colour, or pencil overlaid with water-colour, it is probably more delicate than the etching, and more satisfactory, unless the subject be peculiarly tragic or sombre, in which case the etching, with its black and white, has more likelihood to be strong than has the delicately tinted drawing. Thus the little drawing of the *Night before the Execution*, with its pretty background of the houses on Tower Green, which sold on Tuesday for £5, was very preferable to the etching as a whole, for, though the etching has a force which the design lacked, the design had a delicacy missing in the black and white. *Elizabeth brought Prisoner to the Tower*—a fine drawing in which the scene that passes is beheld through a large gate, probably a water gate, in the foreground—sold on Tues-

day for £15 15s.; while the yet more dramatic design of a mass of fighting men on a bridge—*Sir Thomas Wyatt attacking the By-ward Tower*—a design full of the vehemence of action, was sold for £16 16s. *Courtenay's Escape from the Tower*, a drawing in sepia and line, more potent in conception than in execution, sold for £2; while an exceedingly pretty design, exquisitely carried out—*Queen Mary affiancing Herself to Philip of Spain*—fetched £4 10s. These are, perhaps, all the drawings from Mr. Ainsworth's romance *The Tower of London* which call for record. Among the designs for *Jack Shepherd*, there should be named the subject of *Jack getting Drunk and ordering his Mother off* and *Jack committing the Robbery in Willesden Church*, not only on account of the finished design, but by reason of the life-like marginal sketches which exhibited the artist's frequent reference to Nature. On Wednesday was sold a further portion of the artistic property left behind him by the artist. A large humorous drawing of a too familiar subject of the caricaturist—sea-sickness—sold for £13 10s. It was called *Scene on Board a Margate Steamer*, and was itself noticeable, not for caricature, but for the extraordinary power of fidelity to various expression of which it gave evidence. Another delicately executed humorous drawing—*The Universal Philanthropist*—far less rich in expression, but agreeable in tone and excellently handled, sold for but £2 12s. 6d. But, on the whole, the most important drawings in the sale were the eleven illustrations to *Oliver Twist*. *Oliver plucks up Spirit* was sold for £16 16s.; *Oliver introduced to the Respectable Old Gentleman* for £15 15s.; *Oliver amazed at the Dodger's Mode of going to Work*—the admirable design in which the elderly and absorbed student has his pocket picked at the bookstall; the most brilliant and expressive little water-colour exhibited—£21; the *Murderer and his Dog*, remarkable for the contrast between the sullen visage of the ruffian Sykes and the quiet English landscape, £25 4s.; and the *Last Chance: Sykes on the House Roof*, £11 0s. 6d. This last, though, of course, a very clever design, is not at all equal to the etching in significance, tragedy, and beauty, the marvellous background of the etching—a background of squalid street and picturesque window and clothes-line—being but faintly indicated. The collection, as a whole, was of much interest, and may be said to be valuable in that it afforded an occasion for those who have considered Cruikshank too simply as a caricaturist or a didactic draughtsman to make acquaintance with the other elements of his talent.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE'S study of Méryon, with a detailed catalogue of Méryon's etchings for the convenience of the amateur, will be published immediately, we understand, by Mr. A. Wyatt Thibaudeau, in a small volume on fine paper, and of which the issue will be strictly limited.

M. MUNCAKSY is one of the most popular and striking of contemporary foreign painters, and he has not often executed cleverer work, whatever be its faults, than the picture of *Milton Dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters*, which appears to be now on view in Bond-street, at Mr. Sedelmeyer's gallery, and which M. Courty has just now engraved. Courty is an unequal etcher; his talent never, perhaps, rises to genius, and it sometimes sinks to dullness. But he is at his best in this work. We cannot say that the face of Milton, as interpreted by him or conceived by the original artist, has any special dignity, but the whole picture is at all events a fairly dignified genre-picture, and to its characteristics M. Courty has paid attention. Some persons would have represented

the scene depicted much as a scene of sentiment, but the artist whose work we are discussing has not done so. He has conceivably remembered that the task of writing to dictation the whole of the immortal work may not have been wholly congenial—at all events was not light—and the damsels are represented with expressions of varying vivacity and absorption. The interior, being of the seventeenth century, is of course picturesque, and M. Courty has excellently translated into black and white the lights and shades of colour of the original picture.

A REMARKABLE sculptured stone of the Roman period has been recently discovered at York. It represents a male head, with the hair nicely carved, set upon a base, which has two faces or sides. On each face there is a label, with two letters on it, D M—C E. The stone is about two feet high, and has stood probably at the corner of a wall or tomb. How should the inscription be interpreted?

IN the recent speech made by the Lord Chancellor, in the House of Lords, in favour of the proposals for widening London Bridge, one of the arguments made use of was that the same thing had been done successfully in Florence. There is, however, no parallel between these two cases, as a correspondent in Florence points out in a forcible manner. "In the first place," he writes,

"any comparison between the magnificent edifice, London Bridge, and the paltry Ponte alle Grazie at Florence, is utterly absurd. The first is one of the finest bridges in the world, thrown over a deep and wide river, is a triumph of engineering skill, and is built of costly materials; the second, a commonplace, shabby structure, crosses a torrent—the Arno—which for most part of the year is not a yard deep below its arches, which were therefore easily built, and it is of ordinary hammer-dressed rubble. Before it was widened it was one of the most incommensurable and dangerous bridges for passengers existing in any great city, and it was a matter of absolute necessity to remedy these defects.

"The Ponte alle Grazie has been widened by cast-iron archways, the abutments of which are the triangular spurs on each side of the piers of the old bridge; the stone arches are semicircular, the iron ones are elliptical, and the combination of the two is about as ugly in point of design as may be conceived. But the old bridge has no architectural beauty whatever, and its additional disfigurement is little cared for in presence of the fact that it has been made a safe and commodious bridge.

"If, to widen that most beautiful bridge in Italy, the Ponte alla Trinità, by Ammannati, the Municipality of Florence had suggested a plan resembling that adopted in the case of their plain old bridge of the Grazie, they would have been denounced as Vandals all over Europe, and such a proposal would have constituted a case really resembling the proposed widening of London Bridge, so far as the question of taste is concerned. To impair the beauty of any great work of art is a national disgrace and a public calamity.

"I do not sufficiently remember the bridges on the Rhone or at Paris, also quoted by the Lord Chancellor, but if these instances in any way resemble that selected from Florence, they must tell equally against his argument. He must adduce cases in which the commodious widening of bridges has been attained without injury to the original design, the design being at the same time as beautiful as that of London Bridge. To quote the successful and ugly widening of a plain old bridge, in support of that of one of the noblest bridges in the world, by means calculated to impair its beauty, is objectionable, for there is no end to the mischief which might be done were such a statement allowed to have any weight."

WE hear that Mr. Heath Wilson and Mr. Pullan's great design for the decoration of the cupola of St. Paul's has been sent off by sea from Florence, and has probably arrived by this time in London. It is offered by the public-spirited artists merely as a contribution towards the solution of a difficult problem.

THE French landscape painter Jules Héreau has been killed by a lamentable accident that happened to him as he was returning by rail from Auteuil to Paris on the 26th ult. Jules Héreau is tolerably well known in England, where he resided for some time, painting several remarkable views of the Thames. He was born in Paris in 1831, and obtained medals at the Salons of 1865 and 1868. He had two pictures in the late Salon, one of which, called *Rives de la Meuse*, was engraved in *L'Art* a few weeks ago. He leaves a widow and two children, who are, it seems, but ill provided for. Such is the sympathy, however, that is felt for them under this terrible bereavement, that a sale is already being organised for their benefit, which it is hoped may meet with as much success as that which recently brought such substantial aid to the family of the French painter Mouchot. M^{me}. Héreau is herself an excellent painter on porcelain. She exhibited a flower-piece at the Salon this year, which was also engraved in *L'Art*. It appeared under her maiden name, Louise Darrou, by which she is best known as an artist.

An exhibition has just been opened in Paris of the works of the celebrated sculptor, M. Clésinger. It includes his beautiful statue of *Phryne*, the terrible *Bull of the Roman Campagna*, and the two equestrian groups of *Perseus and Andromeda* and *Nessus and Dejanira*.

THE exhibition of the *Musée des Arts Décoratifs*, in the Pavillon de Flore, will be changed, in the course of this week, from a contemporary to a retrospective exhibition. This change will be effected, it is stated, without the necessity of closing the museum even for a few days, it being so organised that the collections of objects of ancient art will gradually fill the places of those of modern art without any intervening period. A fine collection of works of Arabian art, lent by M. de Saint-Maurice, has already been placed in one of the salles.

THE Salon closed, as announced, on June 30. Artists are allowed one month for removing their works.

THE statue of M. Thiers, which is to be set up at Nancy on August 3, was successfully cast in bronze last week at the Rolland foundry, in the presence of its sculptor, M. Guilbert, M^{me}. Thiers, and several other persons. The figure is over three mètres in height, not counting the pedestal. M. Guilbert has received a commission from the Government for a repetition of this statue, to be erected in honour of the great French statesman at Bône, in Algeria.

ONE of the first portraits ever painted by Gallait—that of M. Barthélemy Dumortier—has just been presented by his heirs to the Royal Belgian Museum.

A MONUMENT to Cornelius was unveiled at Düsseldorf on June 25.

A FIERCE discussion is going on in Hamburg respecting the projected monument to Lessing which is to be set up in that city—indeed, the discussion has extended far beyond Hamburg itself, for it is rightly deemed of national importance that a fitting memorial should be raised to the great dramatist, who has expressed more forcibly, perhaps, than any other the spirit of the united German people, and who belongs, not to Hamburg or even Germany alone, but to all the world. One of the questions at issue is whether the figure shall be represented standing or sitting, and one of the last contributions to the study of the subject is a pamphlet by Karl Hirsche, in which he criticises Professor Schaper's design, the one which as yet has found most favour.

THE *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* opens with the continuation of the Marquis de Chennevière's able critique of the "Dessins de Maîtres

anciens," exhibited at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The drawings of the German and Flemish schools are those which come under notice in this number, especially those by Dürer (wherein the collection is very rich, thanks to the exertions of M. Ephrussi), Baldung Grün, Holbein the elder, Vandyck, Ostade, and Rembrandt. Several drawings of great interest are reproduced, including three by Rembrandt, and a heliogravure of a finished drawing by Netscher—a young woman playing on a mandoline—in the possession of the Duc d'Aumale. The other article of most interest is the continuation of M. Benjamin Fillon's study of the "Hynertomachia," with the numerous illustrations it gives from that remarkable work of the early Renaissance, copied some from the Italian and some from the French edition. A review of the Salon, giving, among other illustrations, a heliogravure from Bonnat's forcible portrait of Victor Hugo; a notice of the Ceramic Museum at Sèvres; and a notice of the Baron Davillier's book on "Spanish Goldsmith's Work in the Middle Ages and Renaissance," make up the rest of the number.

THE STAGE.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

THE theorists who have attributed the popularity of the performances of the Comédie Française in London to the influences of fashion and an unreasoning delight in what is curious and rare, would assuredly find it difficult to explain the varying degrees of favour accorded to the pieces that have been represented. Whether the Gaiety audiences have been justified or not in preferring *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* or *Mlle. de la Seiglière* to *Le Sphinx* or *Le Demi-Monde*, there can be no doubt that they have really found more pleasure in the plays they have preferred than in those which have appeared to excite less interest. The applause that has been bestowed has been honest applause, unstimulated by any of those artificial means which the French theatres seem unable wholly to dispense with; and when, on the other hand, languor and apathy have oppressed the audience, it can hardly be pretended that any prejudices of the kind of which unsuccessful authors are wont to complain were in operation to prevent a favourable verdict. As with plays so with players. The satisfaction which Mr. Hollingshead's patrons have derived from the interpretation of the works in the selected repertory has not always corresponded with the judgment of Parisian audiences; but there is not the least reason to doubt that it has been of a genuine nature. Our public, it may be admitted, are less qualified as a rule to judge. The subtle beauties of "diction," for example, which yield to the cultivated French ear so much delight, are with us only dimly apprehended and but little enjoyed; and it is probable that something of the fine moderation which, in comedy at least, distinguishes the higher school of French acting here fails to obtain due recognition. On the other hand, English audiences have, at least, the advantage of dwelling outside the sphere of those influences which are apt to render the judgments of the fellow-countrymen of authors and actors capricious and unenduring. In dramatic art, as in most other things, there are fashions which come and go—welcomed chiefly because they are novel, and dismissed for a corresponding reason. Political and social feelings, and all those other elements which make up what may be called the temper of the times, have also their influences. Who can doubt, for example, that the heat of strife between the Classicists and the Romanticists has endowed works of both schools with an im-

portance far beyond their real merits? When to all this is superadded the prestige of a great name, and the excitement that always attends the removal of a long-standing interdict upon the performance of a play of note, sufficient reasons—other than those of a purely aesthetic character—may be imagined for a considerable difference between the effect produced by the representation of a given play in Paris and London.

One of the most striking results of these performances has been the comparative failure of the romantic dramas of Victor Hugo. Of the impression created by *Hernani* I have already spoken. Since then, *Ruy Blas* has been performed with hardly greater success. The shallowness of those devices for exciting the wonder and admiration of audiences to which the illustrious author delights to call attention in his prefaces, is a little too obvious, and, altogether, *Ruy Blas* seemed in the representation to deserve no higher rank than that of melodrama dignified by poetical diction and by many fine oratorical passages. Unfortunately, these latter merits were greatly obscured by the inadequacy of the interpretation. M. Mounet-Sully seemed too ill at ease in the lackey's livery to pay due attention to the delivery of lines; and in no one of his impersonations has he exhibited so complete an inability to restrain his displays of passion or to subordinate details to a final effect. The famous rebuke administered by Ruy Blas to the self-seeking Council of State has an advantage over the similar tirade of the Emperor in *Hernani* in the fact that it is relevant to the scene and in perfect harmony with the situation; but the excess of gesture, the frequently superfluous loudness of tone, and, above all, the neglect of proportion which characterised the actor's delivery deprived this long speech almost entirely of its force and beauty. The melodramatic character of the play is rendered more obvious by the almost entire lack of subtlety in the delineation of character. The only personage who stands forth as a vigorous creation of the poet's mind is the almost purely incidental character, Don Caesar. This character M. Coquelin represented with abundance of humour, but certainly with no adequate indication of the still unbroken dignity and pride which add to his rags and his marauding habits so many picturesque touches. M. Febvre's Don Sallust was duly grave, dignified, and self-possessed. The part of the Queen, of which so much has been heard in association with the name of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt since the recent revival of this play, does not afford that distinguished actress any opportunity for new evidences of her powers. The charming languor of her utterances when lamenting the dull uniformity and restraint of her life in the Spanish court has become familiar in the ears of Gaiety audiences; and her outburst of passion over the patriotic hero in his last moments was neither as moving nor as picturesque as her acting in other scenes of a similar character in which she has lately appeared. In the *Andromaque*, on the other hand, both Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and M. Mounet-Sully were seen to great advantage. When this comedy was revived at the Théâtre Français with the present distribution of parts about two years ago, some surprise was felt that the character of Hermione—one of the most famous of the impersonations of Rachel—was assigned to Mlle. Dudlay. Whether Mme. Sarah Bernhardt had herself preferred the part of *Andromaque*, or whether the administration had chosen to allot to her a character certainly not the most prominent in the tragedy, are questions of little importance. The choice was anyway a wise one, for it is the province of this lady rather to inspire pity than terror—rather to win by soft and tender utterances than to overawe by the exhibition of the

grander passions. In more violent displays she is apt, by the very excess of her action and the rapidity of her utterances, to betray a lack of that physical power which was certainly not conventionally missing in Mlle. Dudlay's energetic performance of Hermione. Probably no performer on the French stage ever brought to the delivery of noble verses more beautiful intonations, or a more exquisite art of marking the measure of the lines without a trace of the monotony of the old school of declamation; but these qualities demand a calmer mood. The series of representations will be brought to a close this evening.

MOY THOMAS.

MUSIC.

THE symphony in E minor, by Professor Macfarren, which was performed at the Philharmonic concert of Wednesday week, was written, if we remember rightly, for the defunct British Orchestral Society. It cannot be considered one of its composer's happiest efforts. There is some charm of melody in the second movement, *serenade*, *andante*, and the *gavotte* is a fair imitation of a style of writing in vogue a century and a half ago. But the first movement is vague and restless, and the themes of the finale are open to the charge of triviality. The orchestration throughout is of the simplest character. M. Saint-Saëns' pianoforte concerto in G minor, No. 2, was played with much spirit by the composer, and very favourably received. Further acquaintance does not, however, tend to modify our opinion of the work, expressed on the occasion of its performance at the Crystal Palace. In the second part of the concert, M. Saint-Saëns gave a highly-finished rendering of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in A minor. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Weber's *Jubilee* overture completed the list of instrumental items, and the usual quantity of vocal music was furnished by Mlle. Hohenschild and Mr. W. H. Cummings. The record for the sixty-seventh season of the Philharmonic Society is a very barren one, not a single novelty of importance having been introduced at any of the concerts. The number of subscribers continues to dwindle, and a supreme effort is needed to replace the society in the honourable position it once occupied in the musical world.

THERE was an excellent performance of *Die Zauberflöte* at Her Majesty's Theatre yesterday week with Mme. Gerster, Mme. Marie Roze, Mme. Sinico, Mme. Trebelli, Signor Trapolli, Signor Del Puente, and Herr Behrens in the leading parts. The event of greatest interest, however, has been the revival of *Mignon*, with Mme. Christine Nilsson in the title-role. Though not by any means a masterpiece, M. Ambroise Thomas' lyric version of *Wilhelm Meister* contains a quantity of pleasing music, and it will attain greater longevity than the more ambitious and laboured *Hamlet*. Mme. Nilsson's presentment of Goethe's pathetic creation is one of the most artistic in her repertoire. The Swedish *prima donna* is supported by Mme. Kellogg, Mme. Trebelli, Signor Campanini, and M. Roudil. This reads like a very strong cast, but the actual result of Tuesday's performance was not entirely satisfactory. The deterioration of Mme. Kellogg's voice was painfully apparent, and neither Signor Campanini nor M. Roudil appeared to the best advantage.

M. JULES MASSENET's opera, *Le Roi de Lahore*, is the first important work of its kind from his pen. Born in 1842 at Montaut, Loire, Massenet received his musical education at the Paris Conservatoire. In 1865 he won the *grand prix de Rome*, and has since proved himself to be a worthy recipient of that coveted honour. His published works comprise several orchestral suites, two oratorios—*Marie Magdeleine* and *Ev*

—incidental music to Leconte de Lisle's drama, *Les Erinnyes*, and the grand opera, *Le Roi de Lahore*. This last saw the light at Paris on April 27, 1877, and was at once received with favour, though the Parisian critics were not slow in discerning some defects of considerable gravity. However, the work has made its way both in Germany and Italy, and, as operas planned on a large scale are alone suitable for the stage of Covent Garden, Mr. Gye has displayed wisdom in selecting *Le Roi de Lahore* as an addition to his repertory. The book of M. Louis Gallet is arranged to give splendid opportunities to the scene-painter and stage manager. It affords another instance of the modern tendency to select the subjects for opera libretti from the boundless resources of the legendary and the romantic. This is one of the strongest points in the Wagnerian theory, and it is one that will commend itself more and more as time progresses. The lore of ancient India alone offers an inexhaustible mine of wealth and beauty ready to the hand of the musician. As we have said, the groundwork of *Le Roi de Lahore* is deftly planned, and in this respect the book will compare with the best of those by Scribe. Beyond this M. Gallet has not cared to venture. The poetry of the tale must be its own recommendation, for there is little merit in the diction, and no attempt whatever at characterisation. The glittering *genre* of Halévy and Meyerbeer is observable in the music, but the orchestration is more highly coloured, and the melodies are frequently tinged with a Gounod-like sentiment and tenderness. With all this, there are traces of the working of an individual mind, particularly in certain sequences, frequently utilised by M. Massenet with good effect. There is much that is very charming in the quieter portions of the opera, and, speaking generally, *Le Roi de Lahore* may be considered as a work of great promise. The performance at the Royal Italian Opera is immensely superior to that at the Académie Royale. The Scindia of M. Lassalle was the sole redeeming feature of the Paris cast, and the eminent baritone gives equal effect to the part in the Italian version. Mlle. Pasqua, Signor Gayarré, and Mlle. Turolla also deserve some commendation, their names being placed in the order of merit. The lavish expense incurred in placing the opera on the stage is money well invested, for an inadequate *mise en-scène* would have imperilled its success.

THE concerts of the past week have been of secondary importance, and there has been nothing to demand any detailed criticism in these columns.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Henry Smart on Sunday last, at his residence in St. John's Wood, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. By his death this country loses one of its best musicians. Mr. Smart came of a musical family, his father being in his day a distinguished professor of the violin, while his uncle, Sir George Smart, held a very high place among English artists. Henry Smart was alike known as an organist and a composer; but it was in the latter capacity that he achieved his greatest successes. His cantata, *The Bride of Dunkerron*, written for the Birmingham Festival of 1864, is one of the best of modern English compositions; many of his part-songs and ballads have attained a richly deserved popularity. He was no less successful as a composer for the Church; his services and anthems are probably sung in every cathedral in the country, while as a writer for the organ he had few equals and no superior among his contemporaries. Mr. Smart's services to the cause of art in this country had very recently been publicly acknowledged by a Government pension of £100 per annum, which he has unfortunately not lived to enjoy.

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